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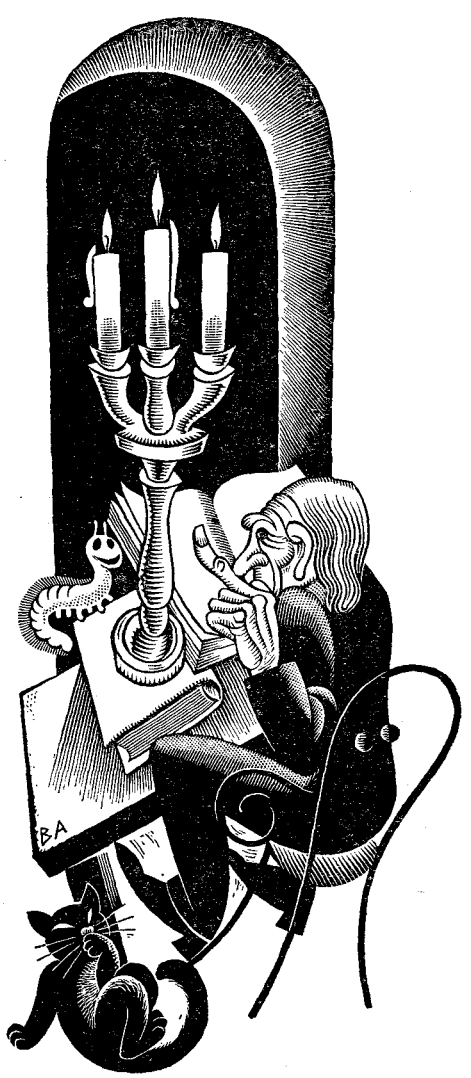

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THE SERIOUS ILLNESS of Chief Justice Taft, which has led him to resign his high office, will be the occasion of universal regret among his countrymen, who in spite of all differences of judgment have yet held him in high honor and esteem. In nominating Charles Evans Hughes as his successor, President Hoover has missed one of his greatest opportunities for public service. The entire career of Mr. Hughes since his first term as governor of New York has been a perpetual disappointment to thoughtful liberals. An able lawyer indeed, he yet has a narrowness of understanding, an unteachable stubbornness, and an arid self-righteousness that disqualify him for high judicial service, as his record in the Supreme Court and during subsequent years indicates. When he left the supreme bench to grasp at the bauble of the Presidency, he dragged in the dust the court's proud tradition of aloofness from political ambition. He sat in the Harding Cabinet with his lips sealed during all those years when the Ohio gang and Albert B. Fall were dragging down that Administration to a well-nigh unprecedented level of infamy and disgrace. His conduct of our foreign affairs was marked by a narrow and uncomprehending insistence at all costs on the most extreme interpretation of American property rights, notably in our oil diplomacy and our relations with Mexico and Russia. His appointment to the Supreme Court at this time when a learned, intelligent, and liberal-minded jurist is so sorely needed is little less than a public disaster.

RUMOR AND COUNTER-RUMOR go out from London, where the delegates to the naval conference are now buckling down to work. It seems to be agreed, however, that the chances are excellent at least for postponement until 1936 of battleship replacements provided under the Washington treaty, and the immediate reduction of British, American, and Japanese capital ships to numbers which, under that agreement, would not have been reached before 1936. The welcome news also comes that Great Britain proposes to drop from its building program two more cruisers in addition to the Northumberland and the Surrey, making four in all. This is encouraging evidence that the MacDonald Government has faith in the outcome of the negotiations. Such evidence is perhaps more informing than the jockeying of the delegates for position, for, as John L. Balderston points out in a special cable to the *World*, "when it comes to figures, our delegation, like every other, must take a nationalistic position, and thereby will incur sharp criticism." The demands of the technical experts in the various delegations should not be allowed to override the judgment of the statesmen in the conference, who see that security is not to be attained simply by the process of building more ships or of persuading other nations to build fewer. The task of the conference is at bottom political and not purely naval.

FREEDOM FOR THE FILIPINOS has now become the football of purely selfish interests. The American sugar barons and others affected by the competition of the islands are pressing hard for their release from American control in order to put on tariffs against their products. On the other hand the Hawaiian planters are making the most urgent representations that if the Filipinos are to be excluded in the future under our immigration laws Hawaii will be ruined by lack of adequate labor. California has for the moment transferred its dislike of the Japanese to the Filipinos, of whom no fewer than 13,000 are now residing in that State and menacing the lives and the happiness of the 4,400,000 white Americans who reside there. Filipino homes have been bombed and riots have occurred; in addition, Filipinos have been barred from all boxing-rings in California and are being ruled out of dance halls to which white women resort. Senator Johnson of that State has, by the way, distinguished himself by refusing to advocate the release of the islands on any other ground than justice to them. Representatives of three large agricultural organizations have come out for Philippine independence to help the American farmer,

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and the American Federation of Labor has swung into line. Senator Vandenburg, Republican, of Michigan, has just introduced a bill proposing the establishment of a "Commonwealth of the Philippines," with a scheme of progressive autonomy which will result in complete American withdrawal within ten years. This bill was referred to the Senate Committee on Insular Affairs, which is also considering the King bill for immediate independence. It really begins to look as if freedom for the islands might be in sight.

AS FOR HAITI, the Senate has refused the President his commission to investigate affairs there but has voted him $50,000 for any sort of analysis he chooses to make—at that price—of the island. It is doubtful if Mr. Hoover can get a good commission with all the necessary trimmings for the modest sum he may now spend. But as Senator Blaine of Wisconsin has pointed out more than once, with increasing bitterness each time, the facts with regard to Haiti are already at the President's disposal if he wishes to make use of them. The signs multiply that the Administration is more and more favorable to the withdrawal of our military power from the island as soon as possible. It would undoubtedly be a great step forward if General Russell were recalled. His panic at the time of the last bloodshed when he called for 500 additional marines has served at last to awaken Washington to the fact that he is not the man for the place. But Senator Blaine does little good to his cause by quoting, in his remarks on the Haitian commission, from a speech by the newly appointed Senator Grundy—made before he entered the Senate—in which he disparaged Mr. Hoover's legislative experience. More to the point is Senator Blaine's remark that the only achievement to which the American officials in Haiti can point with pride is the fine system of roads, "built so that Americans can speed through the country in high-powered cars." There is no doubt that we have been in Haiti too long. A commission could only tell us to get out.

ANOTHER POWER GRAB threatens to be consummated shortly unless Assistant Commissioner Scattergood of the Indian Bureau succeeds in his stalwart effort to defeat it. Last August the Federal Power Commission indicated its readiness to turn over to the Montana Power Company five sites on the Flathead River, in northwestern Montana, acquired by the Indians by treaty in 1859 and reserved to the tribe when the rest of the reservation was opened to settlement. Later statutes and executive orders guaranteed to the Indians the full amount of rentals from licenses under the Federal Power Act. In 1927 the Indian Bureau or some of its members, under the previous commissioner, instigated an agreement, to which the Federal Power Commission and the Montana Power Company were parties, under which the rentals were to be divided and the Indians allotted a minority share, but this high-handed and illegal transaction was upset by Congress, partly in 1928 and finally in 1929. The Federal Commission is now considering the award to the Montana Power Company of the power rights for an annual rental of about $100,000, a sum which Mr. Scattergood, in an able cross-examination of the power-company representatives at recent hearings, showed should be at least twice as great. The spectacle of an official of the Indian Bureau actually trying to obtain for the Indians the rights of which the Bureau sought to deprive them has been so unusual as to raise hopes that Mr. Scattergood, who has no fear of corporations before his eyes, may be able to prevent the gross injustice that is apparently planned.

THE MOST SHAMELESS piece of repudiation we have seen in a long time was committed the other day by President Green of the American Federation of Labor. In an address at Richmond, on January 26, Mr. Green said:

> We were not in Marion, North Carolina, when six lives were lost, nor in Gastonia when Communists appeared and an officer of the law was killed. Had the A. F. of L. been operating in those communities, these tragedies would not have occurred.

This statement is quoted from the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* of January 27, and has been confirmed by responsible persons in Richmond. It is impossible to think that Mr. Green did not believe what he said; accordingly it can only be that he was grievously misinformed. For the sake of his own reputation and that of the American labor movement, it is a pity that someone did not point out to Mr. Green the following facts with regard to Marion, North Carolina: Workers in Marion started organizing in the spring of 1929, called in an organizer of the United Textile Workers, the A. F. of L. organization in the textile industry, and were granted a charter by the U. T. W. The strike begun on July 11, 1929, was conducted under the supervision of the national office of the U. T. W. Shortly before the settlement of the strike an A. F. of L. organizer, Edward F. McGrady, was in Marion and discussed the terms of settlement with the employers and representatives of the governor of the State. The settlement made by Alfred Hoffmann, the U. T. W. representative, was along the lines indicated by McGrady. When this settlement was ignored by the head of the Marion Manufacturing Company, two vice-presidents of the North Carolina State Federation of Labor, also an A. F. of L. organization, helped with further negotiations. The U. T. W. has been taking part in the defense of the strikers under charges in connection with the strike and in the prosecution of deputy sheriffs who shot and killed various strikers. These are not all the facts that Mr. Green would do well to study, but they are enough. The A. F. of L. was at Marion, as it should have been. To deny it is to deny the federation the reason for its existence.

A YEAR AGO February 10 John Barkoski, coal miner, died of injuries sustained following his arrest by three coal-and-iron policemen employed by the Pittsburgh Coal Company. When Barkoski was brought to the hospital in which he died, Dr. Herbert M. Fleming examined him. This is his report:

> He was in a very critical condition, pulseless and unconscious. His left lung was perforated, several ribs were fractured, and he had a possible skull fracture. He was covered with bruises and bleeding from numerous cuts. He was bleeding at the mouth, his eyes were glassy, there was a depression in his head, and the left side of his chest was crushed in. His left lung had evidently collapsed. He was suffering from extreme shock and was on the verge of death, with heart action failing. There was also an injury to the abdomen, accompanied by paralysis of the intestinal tract.

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A few months later the company "settled" with Mrs. Barkoski for $13,500. Last fall the three policemen were acquitted of second-degree murder in connection with Barkoski's death at a trial which was described in our issue of October 16. Two of these men, Walter J. Lyster and Harold P. Watts, have now been convicted of involuntary manslaughter, though Watts admitted that he had struck Barkoski "more than twenty times" on the head. The third policeman, Frank Slapikis, was acquitted on the same charge. "Involuntary manslaughter!" One hesitates to think what might, in Pennsylvania, constitute murder in the first degree.

THE PRESS LORDS, as they are jovially known in Great Britain, stubbed their toe sharply in putting forward once more the plan for a protective ring fence around the empire with free trade inside. The proponents of similar measures have been beaten so often and so disastrously that it takes courage to bring forward the ill-fated proposal again. None the less, the empire must be saved by the method of reserving the empire market for the British manufacturer, so Beaverbrook, to the accompaniment of applause from Rothermere, once more trotted out the old scheme in the form of a motion that the "opinion of the House of Commons is that the empire should be developed as a single economic unit with internal free trade as the ideal, and that His Majesty's Government be urged to open negotiations with other governments of the empire with a view to the formulation of a policy designed to secure that the purchasing power of the empire shall be directed primarily to the full employment of the inhabitants of the empire." In the debate in the Commons the proposal got support of a kind from half a dozen Conservative backbenchers, but Stanley Baldwin was absent and Winston Churchill, the only important Conservative leader present, said not a word. In the debate Lloyd George declared that there were only two objections to the scheme. The dominions will have nothing to do with it because they want to protect their own manufacturers against the mother country, and England will not touch it because it involves putting a tax on food and materials coming from outside the empire, and she cannot afford that luxury. Mr. Snowden, for the Government, rejected the whole plan. The debate was so annihilating that no one even ventured to call for a vote.

ON JANUARY 30 (two weeks too late) Arthur L. Endicott, Controller of Harvard University, gave out a press statement explaining the discharge of the cleaning women from Widener Library described by Gardner Jackson in our issue of January 29. It had nothing to do with wages, but was in pursuance of a policy adopted last April of replacing women by men. At that time the Minimum Wage Commission was notified of the proposed change. Just why it was thought necessary to notify the commission, unless that body had been objecting to the employment of women at less than the prescribed minimum, Mr. Endicott does not explain. He does specifically state that the discharge of some of the women was hastened by the receipt on December 18 of a peremptory notice from the commission threatening to publish the name of the university as a non-complying employer if on December 26 any of the women were still being employed at less than the prescribed minimum of thirty-seven cents an hour. Nor does Mr. Endicott deny that up to December 18 last the university had been paying its cleaning women less than the thirty-seven-cent rate fixed as the minimum by commission decree as far back as February 1, 1921. While Mr. Endicott's statement, then, perhaps rubs off some of the sharp corners, it does not, so far as we can see, put the university's employment policy or its legal position in any more favorable light. What it does do is to indicate that the controller's office is run with more brains and finesse than were displayed in the blundering statement of facts with which President Lowell spilled the beans in his letter of December 30.

GREAT EVENTS MAY FOLLOW upon a little-noticed decision of Judge Norman L. Jones of Illinois refusing to dissolve a court order under which the officials of the Illinois district of the United Mine Workers' Union were protected from summary discharge by the International President, John L. Lewis. Into the details of the bitter quarrel between President Lewis and the State organization we have not space to go. It is enough to say that the trouble arose out of Mr. Lewis's inability to control the Illinois miners' organization as he wished and from his settled policy of crushing all potential rivals in his union by fair means or foul. The controversy has brought to light the tragic breakdown, under President Lewis's leadership, of a once mighty union. Oscar Ameringer's vigorous pen in the *Illinois Miner* has exposed a shocking debacle. A union that in 1921 had 515,243 members had in 1928 only 269,425. It still holds the anthracite field in Pennsylvania, but its strength is almost completely broken in all the bituminous fields except Illinois. If the powerful Illinois organization wins its fight it is probable that Lewis will have to go or that the union will be split. If the Illinois miners will now adopt progressive policies there is a very good chance that first in the United Mine Workers' Union and afterward in the whole A. F. of L. they may be the successful pioneers for a new and more adequate labor program.

A SAD SPECTACLE was enacted the other day at the Bronx Zoo in New York City. The date was February 2; the principal actors were one ground-hog in a state of captivity, one Head Keeper, and six assorted boy scouts, newspaper photographers, and mildly interested bystanders. The performance, of course, was to illustrate the old legend that on February 2 if the ground-hog, emerging from his hole, sees his own shadow, he at once digs himself under again and the inhabitants of this hemisphere are plagued with six weeks more of winter. But the New York ground-hog was so completely enervated by the refinements of captivity as to be incapable of digging his own hole. The Head Keeper performed this office for him. Then, with cameras trained on him, he (the ground-hog) was released in the vicinity of the artificial hole. He observed his shadow well enough, but the hole he would have none of. When he was forcibly thrust into it he emerged several fractions of a second ahead of the fastest-clicking camera shutter on record. Thus the advent of spring remained unannounced and the photographers went home without a picture. To our mind the ground-hog was the only member of the party who acted like a sensible human being. We commend the whole matter to the attention of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

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"Destructive and Never Constructive"

THIS is the reason just given by a reader for failing to renew his subscription to *The Nation*. It is a criticism familiar enough to every editor who ventures to exercise his critical faculty, and it is usually welcome as proof that the editor's criticisms are making themselves felt sufficiently to disturb the equanimity of some persons. Indeed, the phrase has become a shallow slogan, a canting bit of superficial thinking, an easy bromidic formula for those who neither ponder deeply nor rise above the banalities. It has never been long absent from our mail despite the most ardent championship of numerous reforms, of many new points of view, of much worth-while legislation, of a whole group of policies many of which, such as woman suffrage, have long ago become the law of the land. In this last case we welcome the recurrence of the charge because it gives us the opportunity, not of defending ourselves, nor of pointing out that to be constructive one must, like the builder who replaces one structure with another, first tear down the old one, but of restating our position with a special view to the present political situation and the coming Congressional elections.

We pointed out last week the complete dominance of economics in the activities of Congress, and the prospect that this tendency will not decrease but increase; that more and more the public and its representatives must deal with questions of business and the control thereof by the government. The greater the growth of our colossal capitalistic structure, the greater the need of protecting the people and their birthright from the aggressions of Big Business, the greater will become the preponderance of purely business issues in our legislation and the necessity of pressing for economic reforms. Among these we list first a radical and far-reaching lowering of the tariff and the ending of the tariff graft as the most constructive method of aiding the farmers and the manufacturers, not to mention the creditor nations which must repay us the huge sums they owe for loans and, in the case of Germany, reparations. Nothing, we believe, would do more to aid the country to dispose of that surplus production which begins to threaten the progress of industry and agriculture because it can not be marketed abroad at adequate prices. Closely coupled with this is the question of the unemployed, now numbering, according to the American Federation of Labor, not fewer than 3,000,000 souls. In 1921 President Harding's Conference on Unemployment brought in a most admirable analysis of the subject. Nothing was done about it. Once more we urge the necessity of a comprehensive unemployment program, embodying the findings of the past ten years, to meet this growing menace.

Next in importance comes inevitably the question of power. Our attitude on this needs no restatement, but every hour renders more vital the saving of what is left of the country's resources. It is almost too late; but he who would do constructive service can ask for no more useful field for patriotic activity—that is, if he favors, as we do, public control of the generation, transmission, and distribution of power. Each day brings proof that this is the greatest pending issue of the winter in Washington. It jumps out of every corner; it lurks behind several of the investigations, and it has been the source of the most dangerous propaganda of recent years. The rise of the power industries makes more parlous the plight of the coal mines. Hence we renew our suggestion that steps be taken, as in England, to reorganize the whole industry, to cut out the colossal waste, the foolish competition, the uneconomic delivery of coal to distant points instead of to nearby markets. As for our railways, for years past we have advocated government ownership and, if necessary, operation of railoads and pipe lines. The recent consolidation proposals have merely strengthened us in our conviction that no half-way measures will suffice; we are certain that if there were no anti-trust laws and no Interstate Commerce Commission the railroads themselves would before this have been in the hands of one gigantic holding company, as the steel companies would be in another.

We need not rehearse here the many measures for the benefit of the workers in industry which we have put forward. We agree that labor should be protected by social insurance from the hazards of accident, ill-health, unemployment, and old age, and be safeguarded in its right to collective bargaining; we are for militant, honest, and far-sighted leadership of the workers, in contrast with much of their present-day organization, and we favor their use of the political machinery to advance themselves. *The Nation* was founded in 1865 primarily to champion the rights of the then lately freed men and women of color, and has never ceased to do so in the field of either economics or politics. It is opposed to caste of any kind. It continues to seek equal rights for women, to uphold their right to their children and to economic and social independence. Finally, *The Nation* has demanded, as a measure of the highest value looking to the safety of America and the peace of the world, the immediate demilitarization of the United States. Here a destructive measure is in the highest degree constructive, if only because it would muster out those military and naval minds which menace personal liberty and freedom of thought, which have kept the country in a state of alarm as to war from the day when we acquired a great navy and enormously increased our army. We are, like all humane and thoughtful persons, for the substitution of conciliation, arbitration, and court processes for the utter folly, futility, and wickedness of war.

Why go on? Today we merely wish to urge again that the American people cease from being bamboozled any longer by the party Dromios of our politicial life. No real progress can come out of either of them; neither has a program in keeping with the changing conditions in our capitalistic life; both are alike in their present policies, the difference being, as we have said so often, merely one of degree. We trust that under the leadership of the League for Independent Political Action and similar bodies there will be a determined effort to put some true Progressives into the field next fall. There is Senator Norris seeking reelection in Nebraska; for him there should be a nation-wide rally, for his disappearance from the Senate would be a national calamity. But above all there are standards to be raised to which all men may repair.

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Spanish Dictatorship

THE resignation of Primo de Rivera, dictator of Spain, and the installation of the Berenguer cabinet pledged to a return to constitutional government, very naturally encourage liberal hopes both in Europe and in America. But it would be a mistake to argue from this event that the era of dictatorship in Europe is passing, or that democracy is soon to come again into repute there. Most particularly it would be a mistake to found upon the de Rivera resignation any hope of the speedy dissolution of the Mussolini regime in Italy.

What has happened is merely this: General Primo de Rivera, who came into power as a result of a deal with other officers of the Spanish army, has not been clever enough, despite his control of government patronage, to keep his fellow-generals loyal. They have accordingly designated another general, as a result of another deal, and persuaded King Alfonso to accept him as premier. The new premier, seeking popular slogans as politicians do, talks about constitutionalism where his predecessor talked about "efficiency" and "the emergency."

Doubtless the change of regime means a relaxation of censorship over press and public assemblage. Doubtless some thousands of Spaniards engaged in politics will breathe more freely from now on. But essentially what has happened is that one military man has succeeded another. If any revolution has taken place in Spanish politics, it has been a revolution in the barracks, not in the plaza. The public demonstrations of university students and republican sympathizers appear to have been little more than casual parades easily broken up by the police. Labor has nowhere been in evidence during the crisis.

Barrack revolutions have always been common in Europe, especially since the war. In Spain, as in Poland, Bulgaria, and—until lately—Greece, the army rules the government. It rules for the simple reason that the government is perpetually bankrupt, cannot pay its army, and therefore cannot control it. The army—which, politically speaking, means the higher officers—lives off occupied territory through multitudinous forms of graft and exactions. Accordingly the army in Spain is an autonomous political force—the only one which can hold up its head and dictate to the King in a crisis. Now the reason why, in these backward European countries, the civil authorities cannot control the military is that they cannot control their own revenue. Generally taking big bribes themselves, they must permit their petty servants to take petty bribes. In a country where you must tip the postman in order to secure delivery of a registered letter, where your tax assessment depends on your family relationship with the assessor, there can be no such thing as a civil service in the sense in which the term is understood, for example, in Germany.

The personal dictatorships which have been plaguing the backward nations of Europe are but an expression of the lack of any real civil authority in those nations, expressed through a competent and self-respecting civil service. And nowhere has civil authority been more corrupt and demoralized than in Spain. There a physically vigorous and morally self-respecting people has inherited the evil usages of centuries of autocracy, and has accepted them as the natural order of things. Thus, with no lack of material wealth or moral stamina, the Spanish people has permitted itself, for more than a century, to be ruled by the military juntas.

In one sense, liberals are inclined to take these European dictatorships too seriously. They assume that a dictatorship is a vicious extraneous tyranny, arbitrarily suppressing the wholesome established customs of a nation. But the fact is that where such barrack dictatorships are possible it is because tyranny—whether that of the local postman or the local tax assessor or the provincial governor—is an accepted part of political life. The fundamental tyranny is that of corrupt civil government. The dictatorship is only the big noise.

But in another sense, liberals do not take these dictatorships seriously enough. They assume that when one dictator, like the late unlamented Primo, has "abdicated," the nation over which he ruled has suddenly become liberated. The present rejoicings over the departure of de Rivera tend to take for granted that all Spain's ills have been due to him alone. But in fact he did not cause them; he only profited by them. He goes, but they remain. The big man will continue to collect the money. The little man will continue to pay it. And when the members of the officers' club begin again to quarrel over the allotment of graft, the common soldiers of one regiment will again be sent against the machine-guns of another regiment as they have been sent three times in the past seven years.

Investigate Mr. Garvan!

FRANCIS P. GARVAN, president of the Chemical Foundation, and before that Alien Property Custodian in the good old days of A. Mitchell Palmer and the Harding gang, appears to have worked himself into a great state of mind over a German menace as terrible in its way as was the other German horror that passed into history a decade and more ago. His latest exhibition of nerves takes the form of a violent attack, first in a deposition solemnly laid before the United States District Court at Boston, then in a heated interview for the special benefit of the press and the public, and finally in a formal complaint to the Bureau of Securities of the New York Attorney General's office, upon a number of American citizens, among them the editor of *The Nation,* whom he accuses either of carrying on German propaganda in this country or of aiding an alleged plot of the German dye interests to throttle the American dye industry and bind American industrial chemistry hand and foot to the conquering chariot of the Hun.

This is pretty fearsome, but Mr. Garvan is out to save the nation from disaster, and he lays about him with no regard for whom he hits. The immediate occasion of his outburst was the action of Attorney General Mitchell, highly questionable, as it seems to us, in ordering a discontinuance of the suit of the United States against A. Mitchell Palmer and others for alleged fraud in misrepresenting the assets of the Bosch Magneto Company to the amount of rather more than half their value, thereby depriving the United States of some five and one-half million dollars which

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it should have had when it plundered the German-owned corporation of its property by way of making the world safer for democracy. In directing a dismissal of the suit, which was begun in 1926, Mr. Mitchell explained that in view of the act for the settlement of war claims and the action taken thereunder the financial interest of the United States in the property now amounted to not more than $44,000, and that since the prosecution of the case had been very expensive it seemed better to drop it. Moreover, three of the four special assistants employed by the government were agreed that there was no evidence to sustain the charge of collusion and fraudulent representation.

This let out Mr. Garvan, as the Supreme Court let him out when it declined to disturb the transaction by which the valuable patents of the German corporation were turned over to Mr. Garvan's Chemical Foundation for a song. Mr. Garvan, however, is not satisfied. He wants the scalps of Senator Moses of New Hampshire, Otto Kahn, Paul Warburg, and others for their complicity in some kind of collusive scheme to "throttle the American dye and chemical industries through the establishment of a tariff based on foreign valuation of the necessary chemicals rather than the American valuation." He sees Senator Moses picking Mr. Kahn as a campaign treasurer because Mr. Kahn "would furnish the money for the election of Senators who would vote upon the question of valuation," presumably in the German interest. "German propaganda," he shrieks, "is again eating into the vital problem of the life or death of the second great industry in the country." Undeterred by the flat denials or dignified silence of the men whom he accuses, he has gone on to bespeak the aid of the New York Bureau of Securities in an investigation of a recent flotation of $30,000,000 of debentures of the American Interessen Gemeinschaft Chemical Corporation by the National City Company, in support, of course, of the same abominable Germanization of his pet industries—an invitation which was promptly declined on the ground that no evidence of fraud or misrepresentation in the issuance of the debentures appeared.

We are not disposed to dismiss Mr. Garvan's diatribes as only another instance of hang-over from war hysteria. We are all for a rigorous investigation of the whole business, but not, we suspect, exactly of the kind that Mr. Garvan desires. The investigation that we want to see is one directed straight at Mr. Garvan and his Chemical Foundation. It is time that the Senate, now that the integrity of one of its most prominent members has been assailed, should investigate down to the ground the whole matter of the German patents and the use that has been made of them. The Chemical Foundation paid $250,000 for some 4,500 patents widely believed to have been worth many times that sum. It has given away since its organization millions of dollars. How much were the patents worth when the foundation got them at about fifty dollars apiece? How much does it receive from its licenses, what are its assets and liabilities, how much of the stock do Mr. Garvan and his family own, and to what extent are they interested as stockholders in other corporations? In view of the part that the government took in starting this rolling ball of wealth, the government is entitled to know what has been done with it and whether or not the financial record is clear. *The Nation* calls for an immediate investigation by the Senate of Mr. Garvan and his patriotic enterprises.

Rats and Profs

THE "feed-the-prof" movement, which gained considerable impetus in the years just following the war, has lately enrolled a recruit in the person of Robert Maynard Hutchins, the hustling young president of Chicago University. After declaring flatly in his inaugural that we cannot now get the kind of men we want to go into education, President Hutchins went on to say: "The only method by which we shall approach our goal is by paying salaries that will enable the universities to compete with the business world for the best men." In his address at the trustees' dinner this upstanding young captain of education gave greater definiteness to his thought by commending to the imagination of his hearers "the picture of a faculty of one hundred men and women, all getting, and deserving, $50,000 a year." We have looked on this picture, as requested, and it gives us furiously to think—which, it must be confessed, the addresses of university presidents all too rarely do. Years ago a great scientist was telling us about his studies of the intelligence of rats. His experiments had not proceeded very far at the time, but he had reached one tentative conclusion, namely, that his rats learned faster if he kept them a little hungry. We certainly believe that professors ought to be able to live in reasonable material comfort. Certainly they ought not to be obliged to spend their time doing hack work in order to keep the wolf from the door. The suggestion of President Hutchins, however, even though we do not take his illustrative figures too seriously, seems to us to raise a distinctly different issue.

Frankly and seriously, we are confident that one cannot raise the real quality of the teaching and investigating profession by the device of putting the professor on the same level of economic privilege with the bank president and the successful insurance salesman. Lest we be misunderstood, we hasten to add that we are heartily in favor of adequate pay for college and university teachers and that we do not consider existing salary schedules in general adequate. As far as we can learn, the pay of professors never was satisfactory, and—again at peril of being misunderstood—we hope it never will be. Fifty-thousand-dollar salaries, or even much lower salaries, are possible for only a few people; there is not wealth enough produced to provide them for more.

Boost the professors as a group into the high-salaried class, which would seem to be the idea of President Hutchins and those who think with him, and you do two bad things. First, you multiply further, as the university business schools are already doing, the number of hustling business men in our faculties. Second, and vastly more important, you create a strongly intrenched university vested interest in the status quo. That is bad enough at best; rich professors are all too frequently social bourbons. Make all professors rich, and as professors are human beings, you almost inevitably set the universities as a whole to defending things as they are, instead of formulating the intelligent criticism that is an essential part of the process of orderly social change—a process never more essential than today. By all means pay the professors a decent living wage; no man "deserves" more. But as you value their indispensable services, do not give them economic privilege, or they will turn again and rend you.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

PRACTICALLY all the parsons are worried about the American home. It seems that it is being destroyed. Of course it was saved by prohibition, but other monsters have arisen to threaten its existence. Wrenched out of the grasp of the saloon, it is now endangered, I hear, by the radio, canned vegetables, apartment houses, and modern dancing. If I were a home I rather think I should resent the over-eagerness of my champions. They act as if the thing they undertake to preserve were so weak and pitiful that it must go down before the gust of any new enthusiasm. After all, the home is much older than these dragons which are said to be capable of devouring it.

I never could understand why dancing should be listed among the dangers. The so-called modern steps are twenty years old by now and life has gone on much the same. When first the grizzly-bear and the bunny-hug were sprung upon an affrighted world I was a youth just turning from my 'teens. My parents, aunts, and uncles—in fact everybody's aunts and uncles—said that this was the end. Rome fell, I was informed, to precisely such barbaric strains. If young men and young women could get upon a public dance floor and lope about in close embrace, what became of marriage, honor, and long engagements?

My own cherubic countenance was closely scanned for stray vine leaves. Unfortunately none was found. I say unfortunately, for in spite of earnest efforts it was impossible for me to be ruined by the new dance steps. I could not even learn them. Just what relation they bear to the accepted capers of the day I am not sufficiently expert to say. However, it seems that neither the waltz nor the polka has come back entirely. At least that is my impression based upon a few casual visits to cabarets. And it does not seem to me that moral fiber has altered much within the generation. Like the dance steps it has become fairly stabilized.

I can't pretend that my failure to become a gilded, prancing butterfly should be set down to my credit as a virtue. I was saved from this fate worse than death through lack of character. As a boy I painstakingly learned the two-step. For this I deserve no praise. It was not a very good two-step and it was also compulsory. Only a vigorous application of parental influence carried me through. Possibly "through" is not a fitting word to be applied to one who always found it necessary to say to his partner, "Watch out now, I think I'm going to reverse." After breaking away from home ties I began to backslide. Those were the nascent days of new dancing and the steps changed almost daily. I lacked the hardihood to keep pace. Cravenly I quit and slumped into a job.

Learning to dance seems to me much like learning how to run an automobile. "Think of the fun you'd have if you could drive your own car, provided you had a car," say my motoring friends. But my mind dwells instead upon the agony which must be experienced by all who seize the wheel for the first time. A preliminary experimental bout with New York traffic would take fifteen years off my life. That would leave such a brief remainder that it is hardly worth while speculating upon the joys which might be mine once I became an expert chauffeur. And something of this fearful apprenticeship must enter into the life of even the most proficient dancer. As he whirls madly and gloriously across the brilliant ballroom his triumph must be modified by the still present memory of the day when he had to say: "Will you tango with me and please excuse the fact that this is the first time I ever tried it?" Nor did he succeed, then, in building up any great self-assurance by adding quickly: "Of course I've studied the steps at home and taken sixteen lessons through the mail."

Rarely does one see a dancer who has reached complete and easy joy in his pastime. However carefree the feet may be, something of the old strained look around the eyes persists. Every close observer must have noted the set expression upon the faces of all participants. There is hardly one who might not serve as a model for General Grant exclaiming: "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

No form of national activity is half so conscientious as dancing. Up-to-date physicians, I understand, prescribe it as a tonic and a penance for patients growing slack in their attitude toward life. At a cabaret recently a man pointed out a dancer in the middle of the floor and said: "That woman in the bright red dress with the sea-green bows is sixty-six years old." I was properly impressed and he continued his narrative.

"Her story is very interesting," he told me. "Two years ago she went to a neurologist because of a general physical and nervous breakdown. The physician said to her, 'Madam, your trouble is not so much that you are growing old as that you are ready to admit it. You must fight against it. Think of Texas Guinan. Think of Fanny Ward. You must hold on to youth as if it were a horizontal bar and chin yourself upon it.' "

I looked at the woman more closely and observed that she was obeying the doctor's orders literally. Her fight was a gallant one. Dancing had served to keep down her weight and improve her blood pressure. But there was not the slightest suggestion that she was enjoying herself. Quite obviously it would have pleased her very much to let go of the horizontal bar, thumb her nose at the jazz band, and behave in every respect as an ancient and dignified gentlewoman should behave. Character had her stymied off from comfort. Having bought advice she was intent upon using it. And as I looked over the entire assemblage I could see no one who seemed to be dancing for the fun of it. A few took a pardonable pride in the perfection of their fancy steps, but that emotion was not quite akin to joy. They were dancing for exercise, or for prestige, or to fulfil social obligations.

All this is admirable in its way but I have not sufficient faith in the persistence of human gallantry to believe that it can last forever. The home will get every last one of the dancers yet because it is so much easier to loaf in an armchair than to keep up the good fight against indolence, age, and the selfishness of comfort.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Divorce—and After
I. Children and Property*

By MORRIS ERNST

AT least one out of every eight married or formerly married adults in the United States is living separate from a spouse. Statistical information on this matter is entirely inadequate. It is highly probable, however, that the federal census now being taken will record more than four million divorced adults. The number of persons living separate by agreement without divorce is nowhere recorded, but may well exceed four million. Legal separations by annulment and separations indicated by prosecution for desertion total tens of thousands. The courts separate by divorce or other proceedings more than 500,000 persons a year. The legal machinery of divorce and separation operates, and has been operating for years, in every State except South Carolina. Yet we have learned practically nothing about the situation created by divorce. The adjustment of the custody of children, payment or non-payment of alimony —of these and many other problems that confront each applicant for divorce or separation we know little or nothing.

Much has been written about the causes of divorce, but little attention has been paid to divorce in action. In the United States our hypocrisy has delayed honest consideration of the problem. Our older attitude toward divorce is indicated in the caption of Article I, Section 9, of the New York State Constitution, which runs in part as follows: Divorce, Lotteries, Pool Selling, and Gambling, Laws to Prevent. This attitude has made its impress on our entire treatment of the problem of marital collapse and prevented us from making any real attempt to find the best methods of procuring emotional adjustment for the millions of persons en route from one adventure to another in the universal search for a monogamous life—for, say what we will about the shortcomings of monogamy, practically every person, and particularly the one involved in divorce proceedings, yearns for one mate to cleave to for ever and a day.

In our great national domestic turnover the State-rights dogma has resulted in one real benefit—the establishment of forty-seven different experiment stations as to grounds for divorce. Yet in not one State have we collated data which might serve as a basis for changes in the laws or advice as to methods of later adjustment. Society has rejected the courts in this sphere of life as in others. Most couples prefer to work out their own private arrangements rather than submit the problem to the jurist, who, because he sits at the reviewing stand, should really be better informed than others in the community. We need consideration of the detailed difficulties growing out of separations. Too easily do men and women approach divorce without contemplation of their new relations to property and children. After the couple have permitted themselves to become emotionally committed to the idea of divorce, then for the first time usually is there calm consideration of the meaning of division of furniture, separation from children, and payment of alimony.

How are these distressed adults, intellectually cloudy in this period of emotional strain, to work out the solution for the children? They are likely to believe honestly that the welfare of the children is the most important consideration. But the difficulties of dividing offspring and wealth cannot be disposed of by Solomon's gesture at bisection. Moreover, how is the news to be broken to the children? Shall there be a family conference or should each parent buttonhole each child separately, or should the teacher or doctor do the explaining? Let us examine a hypothetical couple bent on divorce.

John and Mary have been married for some years. They have two children, and they have some money saved; both may have potential earning power. The separation may be accompanied by an emotional disturbance involving another man or woman. At any rate, the day comes for working out the details of the new lives. All their friends "and their sisters and their cousins and their aunts" have proffered suggestions, each with that great inward joy which arises from a feeling of emotional superiority. John and Mary, exhausted, go to lawyer, doctor, or priest in search of a working formula.

Shall Mary have custody of the children? Shall they be divided by sexes? John is likely to proclaim that he cannot live without his male heir, but aren't most men bored even with their own children if they have to spend more than an hour a day with them? Then the suggestion is made that the mother shall bring up the children, with provision for the father's right to visit them. Is this to be determined upon respective sexual or other alleged tokens of guilt? What a melee of complications this right of visitation creates! Visit where? Visit when? At the mother's home? What if she remarries? Many a father will feel that he cannot enter the home where the former wife is living with another man. And if the children are allowed to visit John, Mary agrees—unless John is to marry that particular fiendish woman who has wrecked her home.

Shall the children be shifted between the two new homes? If so, shall it be by years, by seasons, by school periods? If the children live with the mother, does the father have prior rights as to vacation periods? How these adults can battle to be with the children for Christmas Eve! What a mad race to buy the affections of the children by all sorts of bribery! Will the adults learn that the one sure way for either of them to lose the affections of their offspring is to "knock" the other spouse? Who shall select the schools? Would it be better to send the children to boarding-school than have them run the risk of feeling the loss of security so often experienced by a child of separated parents? The mother goes Freudian and the father reverts to ancestral homeopathy. Who shall have the power to call in the doctor? All these aspects of the agreement which sooner or later must be recorded in legal form, complicated though they be, are relatively simple until the distressed couple copes with

* This is the first of a series of articles. The second will appear next week.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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the problem complicated by the remarriage of either party. Then jealousy and pride strut into the conference.

And what of alimony or the children's support? What share of the man's wealth should be set up in trust as a guaranty for the children's upbringing and education? Must Mary agree to make a new will? What if some of the parents-in-law have large wealth and are suffering from old age? Surely Mary and John cannot avoid contemplating the possibilities of outside revenues and the diminution of alimony. Many couples can approach money problems with civilized attitudes. Sometimes they are civilized by the influence of consciousness of guilt. If the man has been the cause of the split, how generous he becomes in the matter of alimony! But this mood wears off as negotiations proceed. Should the support continue after the wife remarries? The question is perplexing. John wants Mary to marry—it will make him feel at ease when he goes off with Heloise. Still, it does arouse bitterness to think of another man living off his money. At times the cash adjustments are simplified by absence of progeny, but then other factors intervene with greater prominence. What if Mary gave up her job when she married John? Does the adventure with him, or the length of it, create intangible obligations?

Concerning this situation, which is fairly typical, we have no usable information. Twenty-two thousand persons were legally divorced in 1870; 110,000 in 1900, nearly a quarter of a million in 1916, and approximately half a million in 1929. Were the second marriages of these groups more successful than the maiden adventures? What testimony can the children of divorcees present? Do our doctors, lawyers, clergymen know anything at all about the adjustments to be made by separated spouses? How do Catholics—permitting separation though banning divorce—work out the problems discussed in this article? We know that Texas has 17,000 divorces to 85,000 marriages; Ohio and California have about 15,000 divorces to 60,000 marriages, while good old licentious New York has 5,000 divorces to 118,000 marriages; if you add all of Nevada's annual crop of 3,000 divorces to the New York figures, it still leaves New York more than three times as monogamous as Texas. What does this mean, and of what use is such information when what we really want to know is how much, if at all, divorce helps toward the making of better marital adjustment?

A national stock-taking would require, among other things, checking up the arrangements made by divorced or separated couples, an analysis of the results on the adults and the children, and the correlation, if possible, of these results with the grounds for divorce. At present each person unhappily mated must learn everything for himself as if he were the first to break away from the family hearth. Somehow, for the benefit of those who have become involved and will continue to become involved in marital difficulties, we must find a way of collecting and organizing for use the enormous accumulating body of experience.

Boulder Dam Dynamite

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, February 1

LET us suppose that a number of States and municipalities seeking cheap electric power have succeeded, over the prolonged and bitter opposition of certain private power interests, in inducing the government to build a large hydro-electric plant with public funds; let us suppose that the private power interests, having lost the fight, have the incredible nerve to ask that the power be given to them instead of to the States and municipalities which made it possible—is it reasonable to suppose that any administration would even momentarily consider granting such a request? Obviously it is not. Yet that is exactly the situation with regard to Boulder Dam as this is written. It is monstrous, shocking, incredible—and true. The facts about that long struggle are well known. Arrayed on one side were the States and cities which wanted Boulder Dam built in order that they might have flood protection and cheap power. Arrayed on the other side were the Southern California Edison and associated companies which opposed the project because it would either deprive them of business or compel them to reduce rates, or both. Notwithstanding the strenuous and sometimes unscrupulous tactics employed by the power companies, the States and municipalities won. Congress not only voted to build the dam, but it expressly directed the Secretary of the Interior, in disposing of the power, to give preference to the States, municipalities, and other political subdivisions. These latter very promptly applied for every kilowatt of power that could be generated at the dam. Then, to the undisguised amazement of those States and cities—and of Congress—Secretary Wilbur announced a tentative plan under which one-fourth of the power, and two-fifths of the control of the plant, would be allotted to the Southern California Edison and other companies associated with it in the anti-Boulder Dam campaign. The scheme violated the spirit of the law and divided control between hostile elements.

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ON its face the plan seemed indefensible on any rational or respectable ground, and no attempt was made to conceal the disappointment of the States and municipalities, or the resentment in Congress. But something more ominous was in store. Within the past few days Secretary Wilbur has propounded to Solicitor Finney of his department a series of questions, the purport of which was this: Would I be legally warranted in ignoring the preference rights of the States and cities and giving the power to "other applicants," if I decided that the "other applicants" offered better financial security and greater contractual responsibility? It seems impossible to mistake the purpose which inspired the questions. And nobody familiar with Solicitor Finney's record could doubt what his answer would be. Solicitor Finney, who advises Secretaries of the Interior as to their legal authority for doing the things they wish to do, furnished the celebrated opinion that the then Secretary, Albert B. Fall, was legally authorized to lease the Teapot Dome and Elk Hills naval oil reserves—which the Supreme

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Court, in an even more celebrated opinion, rather drastically overruled. He did not fail Secretary Wilbur any more than he had failed Secretary Fall. After sweating manfully for several days and nights he produced a document which declared that "the public interest" was the Secretary's paramount concern, and that the paramount element in "the public interest" was financial security and contractual responsibility on the part of the recipients of the power. The preference rights guaranteed the States and municipalities by Congress, he stated, would be amply conserved by providing that they could make subsequent applications for power to the parties receiving it from the Secretary. In other words, the will of Congress would be fulfilled if Secretary Wilbur awarded all the power to the Southern California Edison and its associates, on condition that the States and cities might afterward try to get some of it away from them! One could almost hear the companies adding under their breath: "Try and get it!"

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UNLESS this writer is mistaken, the Administration in this instance is monkeying with the largest stick of dynamite it has handled thus far. Congress does not relish having its acts flouted by any Cabinet member, and California is reported to be in a fair frenzy over the prospect of being tricked again by the power interests. Hiram Johnson's present temper on the course of events can only be described as homicidal, and as a political "killer" Hiram is almost without a peer. Of course Mr. Hoover knows all about these maneuvers. A good many discerning people knew, or felt they knew, what the most important issue was in the last Presidential election. Events are vindicating their judgment. The issue was whether the natural power resources of the government would be turned over to private exploitation. But wouldn't it be an interesting situation if President Hoover were compelled to go before the Republican National Convention in 1932 without the votes of the California delegation?

* * * * *

IT grieves me profoundly to relate that the Young plan for a merger of radio, cable, and telegraph communications is quite dead. Conceived—as Owen D. Young himself has confessed—in patriotism, and born—as the world knows—to the plaudits of the press, it has perished at the hands of a lamentably unimaginative Senate committee, ably assisted by a number of witnesses who knew exactly what Mr. Young's Radio Corporation had done to them, and why. The official obsequies may occur any day. Notable among those who had a recent part in the frustration of this magnificent conception was Walter S. Gifford, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Dignified, as befits the head of the world's largest corporation, and suave beyond description, Mr. Gifford neatly pointed out that a monopoly in international communications would require the acquisition of his own company, which is preparing to lay a huge talking cable from Newfoundland to Ireland. As for the threat of British competition, which so agitated Mr. Young, Mr. Gifford did not rudely characterize it as a "bogy"; he merely indulged in a slight smile and said: "I am not impressed by it." Oddly enough, however, the most grievous thrust was delivered not by the four-billion-dollar Mr. Gifford, but by the twenty-nine-year-old Detroit policeman who told in simple language what happened to Detroit, Chicago, Indianapolis, St. Louis, and other cities when they sought to instal police radio systems for use in capturing criminals. Mr. Young's messianic Radio Corporation promptly confronted them with two alternatives: the first, that of being sued for patent infringement if they built their own equipment; the second, that of purchasing the equipment from the Radio Corporation at prices ranging from two to four times what it would cost to build it. The city of Detroit, ignoring all threats, proceeded to build its own system, whereupon the Radio Corporation refused to sell it the transmitting tubes which are vital to its operation, and of which the R. C. A. has a monopoly. The Detroit police department is compelled to get along with tubes bootlegged to it by local broadcasting stations! Nevertheless, the results have been astounding. The witness, Lieutenant Kenneth R. Cox, and Police Commissioner Rutledge told of an immediate reduction of 54 per cent in the number of burglaries, and an increase of 45 per cent in the number of captures and convictions. Murderers were surprised at the scene of their crimes. Bank bandits were surrounded and killed or captured before they could leave the banks they were robbing. Burglars were caught in the act. The police radio system, which Cox perfected while serving as a patrolman in the daytime and amusing himself with radio experiments at night, was pronounced by Commissioner Rutledge to be "the most effective aid devised for the apprehension of criminals during this century." It largely nullifies the advantages of quick getaway afforded by the automobile.

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WAS the attitude of the Radio Corporation affected by these salutary results? It was not. When Cox was summoned to crime-ridden Chicago to instal a similar system, that unhappy city was immediately faced with the R. C. A. ultimatum: "Buy from us, or be sued." God knows Chicago needed anything that would reduce crime, and the world knows it couldn't afford to be sued. "The result," Lieutenant Cox testified, "is that Chicago is paying $117,000 for equipment, when it could have built a far superior system for $48,000." "And this," exclaimed Senator Wheeler, "is the corporation that was organized for patriotic reasons!" All of which, obviously, prompts the old question: When does the Department of Justice intend to act?

* * * * *

THE Senate Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to American Consumers, sometimes known as the Progressive-Democratic coalition, is wobbling badly these days. The strain of defeating the sugar steal apparently was too much for it, and during the ensuing relapse it failed to repel one of the most daring and mysterious forays yet carried out —that of the rayon interests. Because of the desertion of fifteen Democrats, the duty on rayon was increased to forty-five cents a pound, notwithstanding the demonstrated fact that the rayon industry in this country is largely controlled by German and British capital, and has been showing profits of as much as 300 per cent. There was a strange aspect to the whole affair. Virtually no attempt was made to defend the increase when Senators Wheeler and Norris exposed its significance. Its supporters simply sat mute with an air that seemed to say: "Talk your heads off—we have the votes." They did have them, and a lot of us are wondering how they got them.

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The Christian Science Censor
II. "Obnoxious Books"*

By HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

MARY BAKER EDDY was a tragic figure. Proclaiming the omnipotence of all-embracing Divine Love, she was perpetually tormented by the "claim" of physical disease and the fear of "malicious animal magnetism," and her last years were passed within the deep shadows. Building her whole system on publicity, she was obliged to conceal from the public and from her own followers many of the facts of her own life. Her enforced retirement from the prying eyes of a curious public and even of her reverent adherents became necessary to the spread of her gospel, and systematic suppression of a whole body of facts was an essential means of spreading the Truth. From the every-day point of view, it was plain fraud; from that of the devout believer, it was the service of Divine Mind. If any misstatement or misrepresentation appeared, it could not be countered by a presentation of all the facts; the only weapon available was suppression.

In the spring of 1904 Mrs. Eddy learned that Fleming H. Revell and Company, who in 1903 had published a volume of Christian Science poems, were issuing a virulent attack on Mrs. Eddy and her distinctive doctrine written by one of her most implacable enemies, and that an inquirer for the poems had been sold the hostile book. Thereupon she penned the celebrated by-law forbidding church members to patronize booksellers or publishers who have obnoxious books for sale. The rule has been invoked occasionally, I am informed, against members, but its chief use has been in clubbing the book trade.

During the year 1906, following the dedication of the enlarged Mother Church and the enormous attendant publicity, the New York *World* began a sensational campaign to learn and make public the facts about the physical condition of Mrs. Eddy, then eighty-five and living in retirement at Concord. All sorts of wild rumors were afloat. *McClure's Magazine* was announcing a startling series of articles by Georgine Milmine on Mrs. Eddy's life. On December 28, 1906, Mrs. Eddy wrote to her church officers:

> Please watch the movements of the last *Literary Digest* that has called the attention of its readers to *McClure's* articles on me and after *McClure's* next article appears or even before it does request in our periodicals that every Christian Scientist who has subscribed for the *Literary Digest* or for *McClure's Magazine* discontinue his subscription.

Fortunately the officers were wiser than their venerable Leader. They had no wish to tempt legal action by publishing a boycott, so the matter was handled in the usual way through Alfred Farlow, Committee on Publication. He communicated with his State committees; they passed the word on; and soon hundreds of letters from the faithful were pouring in on *McClure's* and any other magazines that mentioned the biography. Nevertheless the story proceeded. Mrs. Eddy at first attempted to reply, but succeeding chapters, abundantly fortified by detailed evidence with supporting affidavits, were too much for her, and she gave it up.

The *McClure's* articles and other material were published by Doubleday, Page and Company in 1909, as "The Life of Mary Baker G. Eddy and the History of Christian Science," by Georgine Milmine. Despite all denials by the church, Miss Milmine's story stands today substantially unshaken. What was to be done? The directors induced a wealthy Christian Scientist to buy from the publishers the copyright and the plates, which latter were promptly destroyed. Copies of the book are now so rare that they bring from $25 to $100.

Something had to be done to offset the devastation wrought by Miss Milmine's work. A friendly newspaper woman, Mrs. Sybil Wilbur O'Brien, prepared a series of articles on Mrs. Eddy which appeared in an obscure Boston publication called *Human Life*. Alfred Farlow, Committee on Publication, arranged with two loyal Christian Scientists to finance Mrs. O'Brien for further research and to publish her book, which in addition to her articles was to contain other material, some of which Mr. Farlow had already gathered. The proposal, he said, had Mrs. Eddy's sanction, and would have the full support of the Mother Church. By a contract of April 22, 1908, Mr. Farlow was appointed "arbitrator of all differences, if any, which shall arise hereunder, and his decision shall be final and binding concerning such differences." The Committee on Publication thus had absolute final control. If ever there was an official biography, it is this one.

When the book was ready for publication, Mr. Farlow received word from Mrs. Eddy that it must be suppressed, because, as it later appeared, she feared even such publicity as it gave to her earlier life, notably, her debt to P. P. Quimby, the mental healer. For months she remained adamant, and on September 23, 1908, Calvin Frye, her factotum, received from Archibald McLellan, chairman of the Board of Directors, a letter notifying him of the danger of a lawsuit to compel publication. I quote in part:

> Mr. Elder [Mrs. O'Brien's attorney] states that Mrs. O'Brien has a contract with the publishers by which, if she so elects, she can compel them to publish the book or pay her substantial damages. He does not think she is in the frame of mind to do this now, but should she change her attitude to one of unfriendliness such a suit would be troublesome because it would allege *a conspiracy* to stop the sale of the book and to kill her literary reputation. . . .
>
> The position of Streeter and Elder is friendly, and they have given me this information as a warning of possible danger.

Next day the ban was lifted, the Leader having decided that the possible dangers of publication were less than those of a suit, with its attendant publicity. Thus "The Life of Mary Baker Eddy," by Sybil Wilbur, official biography of the

* This is the second of a series of four articles. The third, on Freedom of the Press, will appear in the issue of February 26.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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Founder, since circulated by the directors in thousands of copies all over the world, saw the light. It is the one source to which inquirers are always officially referred for information about Mrs. Eddy. In an advertising campaign designed to offset the Dakin book, the officials describe it thus:

> The Authentic Biography. The Life of Mary Baker Eddy, Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science.
>
> A highly interesting chronicle based on exhaustive and unprejudiced research. It is devoid of invention but is abounding with facts. . . .
>
> This life of Mary Baker Eddy was printed in a magazine of popular circulation before it was acquired by the Christian Science Publishing Society. It was written prior to the author's interest in Christian Science.

Of the work itself it is hard to speak with restraint. It is absolutely without documentation or authentication, and in fact resembles nothing else so much as the most pious lives of the medieval saints. Indeed, I should just as soon go to one as to the other in search of facts. I give one crucial instance. In a chapter added after Mrs. Eddy's death occurs this passage: "She retired to her bed that night not to rise again in this world. . . . She was conscious that her students were opening their minds to the realization of life; *this conscious thought was, as it had been for fifty years, her great and only physician"* [italics mine]. On December 29, 1928, a well-known man who is a former member of the Board of Directors and of the Board of Trustees under Mrs. Eddy's will, wrote to the latter: "As you well know, Mrs. Eddy employed physicians professionally, and took drugs on numerous occasions during the last ten years of her life." He accordingly protested against the use of trust funds to circulate a book containing the statement quoted above, and demanded a reply by January 15. On January 9 the trustees replied: "The sentence partly quoted in your letter is to be revised so that there can be no question as to its being in accord with the facts. It can be and probably would be correctly construed as it is."

Note the outcome. In the *Christian Science Sentinel* of January 26, 1929, and in the *Christian Science Journal* of March, 1929, there appeared the following statement by the Board of Directors:

> As we are informed, Mrs. Eddy did not, at any time after 1866, believe in the use of any drug as a curative agent in connection with the practice of Christian Science. Nor did she, at any time after she became a Christian Scientist, either use a drug or allow one to be used for her, except as she employed, in a few instances, an anaesthetic for the purpose of temporary relief from extreme pain.

This would seem to be a precise admission of exactly the charge made. Nevertheless, the Wilbur biography, now being officially advertised to the public as above, contains the original passage word for word, and the interests of truth are safeguarded by an asterisk and this footnote: "See the *Christian Science Journal,* March, 1929, page 669." Needless to say, it is a rare reader who will have convenient access to a file of the *Journal,* and an almost non-existent one who will look up the reference. One of the favorite texts in Christian Science is: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

I return to the troublous days of 1906-8. My older readers will recall the celebrated "next friends" suit of 1907, in which an unsuccessful effort was made to prove Mrs. Eddy, then eighty-six years old, mentally incompetent to manage her property. Michael Meehan, then editor of the Concord *Patriot,* thought to turn an honest penny by publishing the essentials of the record. His book, "Mrs. Eddy and the Late Suit in Equity," 1908, is extremely friendly to Mrs. Eddy; nevertheless the Leader said, "Thumbs down." The entire edition was bought up and shipped to Boston, where it was stored in the basement of the Christian Science Publishing Society's building.

Following the outburst of 1906 and 1907, the church, despite the efforts of its enemies, apparently enjoyed a period of relative immunity from "persecution" by publicity, notwithstanding the death of Mrs. Eddy in 1910, the consequent fierce struggles in the church itself, and the long series of resulting lawsuits. Certain records evidently went quietly and safely to rest in the archives of the Mother Church, where they could not trouble the memory of the Founder. In 1921, however, there appeared in Volume IV of the Cambridge History of American Literature, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, a chapter entitled Popular Bibles: The Book of Mormon and Science and Health, by Woodbridge Riley. It was a critical and hostile account of the origins of the book by Mrs. Eddy, whom the author in his opening sentence described as "the thrice-married female Trismegistus." The church artillery was at once unlimbered, and the publishers precipitately withdrew the work, getting out another edition containing a new chapter under the same title, written by Lyman P. Powell.

I have tried in this brief list of instances to show something of what may be publicly known of actual book suppression by official church agencies. What, if anything, lies unknown in the records of the publication committee I have no means of telling. My last example is both the most recent and the most revealing, though entirely consistent with what went before. It is the suppression in 1927 of Adam H. Dickey's "Memoirs of Mary Baker Eddy."

Mr. Dickey, one of the most devout disciples of the Founder, lived in her family during the last three years of her life, and one of her last official acts was to make him a member of the Board of Directors of the Mother Church, in which capacity he served up to the time of his death in 1925. Shortly before his death he wrote out of his records the little book above mentioned, in fulfilment of a solemn promise made to Mrs. Eddy in 1908. As he relates the incident:

> "If I should ever leave here," she repeated, "will you promise me that you will write a history of what has transpired in your experiences with me, and say that I was mentally murdered?" I answered, "Yes, Mother, I will." ". . . Will you swear before God that you will not fail to carry out my wish?" . . . "Mother, I swear before God that I will do what you request of me."

The book is an astonishing first-hand document, setting forth various intimate details of the life and conversation of this extraordinary woman during her last three years, all reverently set down by one who saw her as without human weakness. However incredible the story may appear to others, it contains no word that could offend the most orthodox Christian Scientist, being written in a spirit of unquestioning loyalty and obedience to Mrs Eddy, and of absolute faith in her teachings. It is in fact a picture of a pain-racked old woman, full of human weaknesses and foibles, but carrying

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on majestically against a host of enemies within, and ruling her household with a rod of iron. It deserves lengthy quotation, but the exigencies of the copyright law and strict space limits forbid more than a few brief samples.

On his second interview Mr. Dickey learned, to his astonishment, that as Leader of a great Movement Mrs. Eddy had many enemies, and that she had much to combat in the way of "aggressive mental suggestion, intended to injure or affect her physically." He learned that her house was filled with mental workers, who divided the night into two-hour watches. During the worker's watch it was his duty "to counteract the malicious evil influence of mortal mind directed against our Leader and her establishment." When a watch was kept, that is, "when the mental worker was successful in freeing our Leader from attacks during that time," he was commended next morning; but when a watch was not kept, "and they were far more frequently not kept than kept," then he was rebuked. The workers were urged that they must "handle animal magnetism and defeat the mental murderer and mental assassin who are working to defeat this Cause." It is a pitiful tale of a vain fight against death.

Mr. Dickey learned that while the Leader often gave what seemed bad reasons for her actions, yet "in following the direction of Divine Wisdom, she never made a mistake. Often I heard her say with great impressiveness that in over forty years of church leadership, she had never made a mistake, a record that is most truly remarkable." Most truly so! Says Mr. Dickey:

> She told me that every government, every organization, every institution of whatever kind or nature, to be successful, must have one responsible head. That is why she placed herself at the head of her own church, because mortal mind could not be trusted to conduct it. . . . Indeed, she told me, with pathos and earnestness, that if she could find one individual who was spiritually equipped she would immediately place him at the head of her church government.

Mr. Dickey saw Mrs. Eddy bring Calvin Frye out of a cataleptic seizure, and we read that "Calvin Frye had passed through what mortal mind calls 'death,' and the grave had been cheated of its victim by our Leader's quick and effective work." One of the orders issued to the mental workers early in Mr. Dickey's experience was to "make a law that there shall be no more snow this season," and he found that "Mrs. Sargent was the one to whom was especially assigned the work of watching the weather and bringing it into accord with normal conditions." Enough of excerpt and quotation. The whole record breathes the most absolute faith in Mrs. Eddy and the most pious devotion to her memory. And now what happened?

After Mr. Dickey's death his widow, likewise a devout Scientist, proceeded to print the little book and distribute it among Mr. Dickey's former students—apparently a most natural and fitting course of action. When word of this reached the directors, they called Mrs. Dickey before them and required her to recall every copy, so that only three are now certainly known in this country, the two copyright copies in the Library of Congress and a photostat in the New York Public Library. Under date of December 16, 1927, the directors addressed to Mr. Dickey's pupils an illuminating letter, from which I quote:

> . . . We have only words of praise for Mr. Dickey's teaching and admiration for his staunch and fearless stand in defense of our Leader and her teachings. . . .
>
> Our astonishment then was great beyond expression when we read the book, "Memoirs of Mary Baker Eddy," and found it contained so much that would be harmful to make public. . . .
>
> We found too that a grave mistake was made by Mrs. Dickey in publishing the book without direct instructions from our Leader, for even Mr. Dickey himself does not claim that he was authorized to *publish,* but merely to *write,* a "history.". . .
>
> It was imperative that the book should be recalled, if possible, before it might fall into the hands of those who were hostile or reach minds too immature to absorb it unscathed. . . .
>
> Mr. Dickey's observance of our Leader's wishes for seclusion . . . makes it difficult to see how, after the lapse of so many years, he could be led to assent to such things as this book contains being broadcast to an unsympathetic public. . . .
>
> . . . it [the book] is unjust and therefore contrary to the Manual . . . in that it claims to be a history and yet gives a large place to trivialities and subordinates the grandeur of our Leader's life-purpose. It is also unjust because it accentuates her human characteristics and touches but slightly upon her spiritual nature. . . . It is also unjust because comparatively little is said about Mrs. Eddy's transcendent wisdom, her steadfast reliance upon God, and her enduring love for her fellow-men. . . .
>
> The enemies of our Cause would gloat over the misleading picture the book presents, and even the unbiased public are drawing conclusions that are unjust and injurious. . . .
>
> It has been maintained that Mrs. Eddy's request that Mr. Dickey write a "history of his experiences" would have been fully complied with had he deposited his writings relating to her for preservation in the files of the Mother Church, as others of her household have considerately done. . . .
>
> It is well to keep in mind our Leader's words . . . "If spiritual conclusions are separated from their premises, their *nexus* is lost, and the argument, with its rightful conclusions, becomes correspondingly obscure. The human history needs to be revised, the material record expunged."

On the face of the record the Board of Directors convict themselves of determination to conceal the full facts of Mrs. Eddy's life and thought, even as recorded and interpreted by one of the most trusted of their own number, from the public and indeed from the ordinary members of their own church. The incident shows with shocking clearness their conception of the "truth" to which they profess unswerving devotion, and of the "injustices" which, it will be recalled, it is the duty of the Committee on Publication to correct. The "truth" is that which shows Mrs. Eddy's "transcendent wisdom, her steadfast reliance upon God, and her enduring love for her fellow-men"; the "injustice" is anything which shows her "human characteristics." It is a hard job creating new incarnations of God in these days of documents and full information, and the directors are perhaps entitled to some sympathy in their task, but no one need rate too highly their professions of devotion to truth as that term is understood among every-day men.

The other illuminating aspect of the incident is Mrs. Dickey's part in it. "To that end" [the recall of the book],

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say the directors, "Mrs. Dickey obligingly complied with our suggestion to write each known holder of the book, requesting its return." And she not only requested its return, but got it returned. Such discipline was known in medieval monastic orders, but is rare in modern times. When it is recalled, however, that the very livelihood of a Christian Science practitioner is held at pleasure of the directors, who may remove his card from the advertising columns of the church periodicals, or even put him out of the church, such obedience is more readily understood. The machine grinds on.

In the Driftway

THE modern version of Little Lord Fauntleroy has been synthetically assembled by certain professors at Teachers College, Columbia University. The 1930 Cedric, aged two to five years, is qualified as follows: He is cooperative, friendly, prompt, and generous, and he exercises self-control when it is necessary. He says "thank you" and "please" without adult suggestion, turns his head when he sneezes, and covers his mouth when he yawns. He does not try to boss, pinch, or tease his companions, particularly those younger and smaller than himself. He does not write improper epithets on brick walls, talk with his mouth full, lick his plate, carry tales to his teacher, or bite anybody.

* * * * *

THE DRIFTER is always interested in rare fauna and flora, and he hereby offers a prize of three waistcoat buttons and a folding buttonhook to the teacher, parent, or professor who will bring before him in the flesh this Paragon of Polite Perfection. Speaking of buttons, the modern polite infant can also button his clothes even in the back and can himself without aid put on his galoshes. But this is to digress. For, after all, we are at present concerned not with motor efficiency, which in a motor age is probably developing with great rapidity, but with Character. The modern perfect boy is full of it. And if there is even a modicum of truth in the reports about him, he will cause to disappear in a cloud of smoke the popular notion of the male child which has been prevalent for hundreds of years. Until Mrs. Burnett created her velvet-frocked young lad, nobody even thought that boys ought to be polite and nice. Since Lord Fauntleroy appeared to plague his contemporaries, these contemporaries have been trying their best to prove him a figment of a sentimental imagination. If this time-honored state of affairs is to be changed about, the Drifter does not know whether to applaud or to weep.

* * * * *

TWO items in the Teachers College prerequisite for perfection interest the Drifter particularly. One is that the modern young gentleman likes to go to school. Now the Drifter, who spends some of his time in the company of young children for purposes of scientific observation only, has remarked that this phenomenon is in fact true. There are actually schools today to which children like to go. Children are fidgety on Saturdays when they are obliged to remain at home. They hop on one foot for joy mornings when the hour for school approaches and they come home, snail-fashion and abstractedly, when school is let out. This is surely one of the marvels of our present age, and modern educators who have wrought this miracle should receive the thanks of a grateful public. If the Paragon likes school, therefore, he is not necessarily a freak. One more encouraging item occurs in the list of his qualifications. If a young person of the opposite sex should chance in a playful moment to snatch his hat he will—place his hand on his heart, bow low, and remark softly: "You are welcome, madam, to such of my attire as you may, for any purpose, desire." Will he? He will not. He will knock her down like a man! This makes everything all right. Boys are still boys, in spite of a tendency to say "please." The Drifter is inclined to suspect, moreover, that in private they lick their pudding dishes. After all, teachers are not ubiquitous or omniscient. And their pupils are probably still not above guile.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Watch and Ward Objects

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since I have another occupation in life it is impossible for me even to attempt to answer the many uninformed, misleading, and unfounded statements which have appeared in the press during the past weeks concerning the nature and purpose of the Watch and Ward Society of which I have the honor to be president. I cannot allow, however, the article in *The Nation* of January 15 with the telling title, My Brother's Peeper, to pass without comment.

I am passing over some of the details connected with the Dunster House Book Shop case, which we are not discussing so long as this case is still pending in the courts. I might remark parenthetically that the book for which Mr. Jackson offers a quasi-apology was declared by counsel for the defense to be an "utter abomination." And I might add that the statement that when our agent was told that the book was not at hand, he "was persistent and persuasive and suggested that there might be ways of getting one," which Mr. Jackson states as a fact, is a point on which the evidence was in decided conflict. Or take the case of Joseph Farrell. When employed by us in 1922, he had a clean record. He was an agent in only a few cases and his connection with this society ceased in 1922. It was years later that he went wrong.

My special interest, however, was centered in the description which Mr. Jackson gave of our activities. It would appear from what he has written that we focused our efforts on inducing crime. No one who understands our work could make such a suggestion. For years our organization conducted an arduous campaign to correct the abuses in burlesque houses when obscenity was rampant. As a result, a set of regulations was adopted by the city of Boston and approved by the Theater Managers Association which placed productions of this particular type far above the level to be found elsewhere.

Again, in response to many complaints from the head masters of the most prominent schools in New England, a determined effort was made by our society to mitigate the nuisance of the cheap story magazines. This culminated in a conference with the publishers of this type of story magazine, as the result of which they improved the reading matter to such an extent that the complaints ceased. Compared with our work in other directions, the recent Book Shop case was the merest incident.

Boston, January 13 RAYMOND CALKINS

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Public and Private Interest at Boulder Dam

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will you permit me to correct a few of the many misleading statements made in the article written by Miss Ruth Finney in *The Nation* of December 11, entitled, Secretary Wilbur at Boulder Dam? It is not true, as stated by Miss Finney, that "there has been no dispute as to the equal acceptability" of the plans of the municipalities for using power from Boulder Dam. The fact that the monopolizing of Boulder Dam power by a small minority of eight of the cities of southern California is contrary to the "public interest" of the 950,000 inhabitants of the eighty-three cities and the 700,000 people who live on the 50,000 farms only served by power-company lines, would appear to be so clear as not to involve dispute.

Miss Finney argues principally on behalf of the "smaller cities" and what she says gives the distinct impression, no doubt unintentionally, that the smaller cities are all joining hands with the city of Los Angeles and clamoring for Boulder Dam power in an attempt to keep it away from the power companies. The fact is that 228,000 inhabitants of seven smaller cities secure their power through unregulated, non-tax-paying municipal distributing systems, whereas 950,000 inhabitants of eighty-three other smaller cities secure their power from the power companies and are applicants for Boulder power only through these publicly regulated, tax-paying electric utilities. If Boulder Dam power is to be distributed in the "public interest" shall we ignore these eighty-three smaller cities and their 950,000 people?

Miss Finney says that in the twelve years the city of Los Angeles has operated its distributing system it has forced reductions in power rates which have saved the people $25,000,000. Such a claim is not only untrue; it is ludicrous. This figure is no doubt arrived at by taking the total of all rate reductions in southern California within the last twelve years and crediting it to the municipal system of Los Angeles. It credits no reduction to voluntary action of the companies, induced by lowering costs and greater efficiencies—an inevitable reduction—no reduction to regulation, but credits it all to the fact that a municipal system was in operation in a fraction of the territory involved. The municipal system of Los Angeles had the same effect, and no more effect, in reducing rates in this territory that it had in reducing rates in Salt Lake City and Washington, D. C. where rates have been reduced over the same period in comparable amounts.

Miss Finney says that if the city of Glendale is allowed to buy Boulder Dam power from the government "it will have to pay only 4 or 5 mills per kilowatt hour." In fact the cost of Boulder Dam power, if the city itself is to undertake to deliver it into its distributing system, would be not less than 6½ to 7 mills. To compare this with power purchased from the Southern California Edison Company, there must be added 1.55 mills, which is the amount per kilowatt hour which the company returns to the public in the form of taxes. The city now pays the Edison Company 9 mills. Its possible, though improbable, saving by securing Boulder Dam power would be from ½ to 1 mill per kilowatt hour. And this allows nothing for stand-by service, which means that the inhabitants of the city would be under the peril of interrupted service because of sole dependence upon hydro-electric power supply with its source 250 miles away.

Finally, Miss Finney finds approval of the claims of her municipal-ownership friends in the fact that their claims were loudly voiced by a dozen of their representatives, while the utilities and their 2,000,000 customers were heard from only by a single, lone, and weak voice—that of myself. If this issue is to be decided on the basis of loud clamor, if mere vociferousness is to be mistaken for argument—in short, if the Secretary of the Interior should be "taken in," as Miss Finney has been, by a demonstration staged for that purpose under the direction of a small coterie of municipal-ownership enthusiasts, then the interest of the great majority of the public in this project is doomed.

Los Angeles, December 21 W. C. Mullendore

Ruth Finney Replies

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: To discuss with Mr. Mullendore the meaning of "public interest" is a difficult thing since his conception of it, shared only, so far as can be learned, by E. C. Finney, solicitor of the Department of the Interior, is foreign to the conception of members of Congress who framed the federal water-power act and officials who have administered it in the past.

What he fails to take into account is this: The only persons to whom Boulder Dam power will be valuable are those who can purchase it direct from the government. It will be valuable to them because they will not have to pay a price which includes profit to a private corporation. The "public interest" of 950,000 customers of the Southern California Edison Company will not be served in any way by giving that company all the power generated at the dam. The Edison Company does not deny that these customers will have all the power they need in any case. It does not promise that the price will be lower if the company gets Boulder Dam power.

The seven cities asking for power ask for it because they own municipal distributing systems and can save their residents money if they buy power wholesale from the government at less than they would pay buying it wholesale from the Edison Company. Under Mr. Mullendore's interpretation of "public interest" the only thing accomplished would be denial to these cities of the right to buy power from the government instead of from Mr. Mullendore's company.

The claim to a $25,000,000 saving in rates through municipal ownership in Los Angeles which Mr. Mullendore finds ridiculous has been augmented since he wrote his letter. The most spectacular example of what municipal power has meant in rates to southern California is found in the city of Pasadena. When the city first put its street-lighting system into operation the Edison Company dropped its power rate from 15 to 11½ cents per kilowatt hour. The company undercut municipal rates until it reached a low level of 4 cents per kilowatt hour and the State legislature prohibited the furnishing of electricity at discriminatory rates which made it necessary to recoup losses by higher rates in other communities.

Mr. Mullendore's arithmetic, in his next paragraph, seems decidedly questionable. In the first place, no accurate figures are available as to what it will cost southern California cities to deliver Boulder Dam power into their distributing systems. Even the government's announcement of a 1.63 mills per kilowatt hour price at the dam is only tentative. Officials of Burbank and Glendale testified at the hearing of the Department of the Interior that they estimate the total cost of bringing power to their cities at 4 or 5 cents a kilowatt hour. They now pay the Edison Company 9 cents a kilowatt hour. Mr. Mullendore's figure of 6½ to 7 cents is likewise an estimate, and an outsider's estimate. As for the "demonstration under the direction of a small coterie of municipal ownership advocates," the gentlemen who appeared before the Secretary of the Interior last November and in unspectacular manner asked a larger allocation of Boulder Dam power were the duly elected or appointed mayors, city attorneys, and city engineers of duly incorporated cities which years ago adopted municipal ownership as desirable.

Washington, January 28 Ruth Finney

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Aristocracy Declines in Hungary

THE aristocracy of Hungary, that last stronghold of feudalism to be found in Europe, is crumbling to pieces, according to the writer of the following article, which we reprint from the *Manchester Guardian Weekly*. It is interesting to note that the decline in power and in wealth of the aristocratic class in Hungary, while due in part to political upheavals, is to a much greater extent the result of the machine age and the industrial revolution, which came late but inevitably to Hungary as to the rest of Europe.

Speaking at a recent meeting of the Hungarian United Government Party, Count Bethlen foreshadowed the possibility of the abolition of the institution of entail in Hungary. The kings of Hungary had the right to declare the huge estates of some of the prominent noblemen as inalienable, the eldest son inheriting the entire entailed fortune. A commission is now investigating whether this privilege should be maintained or abolished. This is a very remarkable development, because Hungary has often and accurately been called the last bulwark of feudalism.

In Rumania the land reform deprived the nobility of the greater part of their estates, and though some of the rich bojars managed to save some of their domains and power for a time, the Maniu regime has pushed them into the background. The Junkers of Germany are no longer a privileged class of hereditary rulers. In Jugoslavia the land reform has broken up the big estates of the former Magyar and Croatian owners. The Hungarian counter-revolution of August, 1919, enabled the Magyar aristocrats and feudal nobles to regain their lost political position, and a superficial study of the situation would indicate that they had also reestablished their economic predominance; but the frequent complaints of the *Budapesti Hirlap*, the newspaper of the Magyar upper classes, indicate that the nobility are faced with many difficult and anxious economic problems.

Before the war no class in any European country held such power as the Magyar aristocrats. Their political and economic influence was comparable only to that of the English nobility at the end of the eighteenth century, and as a class they were even more exclusive than the English peerage.

In those days the aristocrats possessed fortunes as well as pride. The estates of Count Michael Karolyi, which subsequently were confiscated by the counter-revolutionary regime, amounted to 500,000 acres of rich arable land. The estates of other aristocrats, such as the Eszterhazys and Count Schoenborn, were about the same size. One-third of pre-war Hungary's agricultural land—and before the war this was a country of 22,000,000 people—was owned by less than 3,000 magnates.

These large domains were, as a rule, badly mismanaged. They were not intensively cultivated, and a great part of the yield disappeared through the machinations of the agents. Yet even with this poor administration they yielded their owners enormous revenues, which were spent in extravagant and riotous living. A century and a half ago one of the mighty Prince Eszterhazys used a painting by Titian for the lining of his gorgeous fur coat; another of the same family decorated his "diszmagyar," the national costume of the Hungarian nobility, with thousands of pounds' worth of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. One of the uncles of Count Michael Karolyi sent a bottle of ancient and delicious Tokay wine by special train to an English lady whom he admired. Count Laszlo Szapary, who a few years ago was Hungarian Minister in London, brought before the war a famous gipsy band by special train to Marienbad for the entertainment of King Edward VII, who greatly admired the gipsy music.

The great incomes which made possible this sybarite life were first threatened in the eighties of the last century. In 1883 the competition of Russian and American wheat began to be felt in Hungary. Wheat prices fell, and agrarian protection through high tariffs gave only a partial relief. The choice lay between starting a more intensive cultivation of the extremely rich soil or curtailing the old extravagance. The Hungarian aristocrats followed neither course. The riotous living was continued; at parties which often lasted two to three days (and nights) the wine and champagne flowed as amply as ever before, and the gipsy bands had to play unceasingly for ten to fifteen hours, often playing the very same tune, the favorite melody of the aristocrat or his lady, for half a day. Their lordships continued to gamble, and while some, like the lucky Nicholas Szemere de genere Huba, who won 1,000,000 crowns, or £40,000, from Count Potocky, the Polish nobleman, in one night of card play, increased their fortunes at cards, more lost their incomes and estates. The end of the century saw the impoverishment of the aristocracy, especially of those who owned medium-sized estates of from 500 to 1,000 acres. These lost lands passed into the hands of Jewish financiers or of foreign princes like Prince, later King, Louis III of Bavaria or Prince Hohenlohe.

The passing of the gentry was almost simultaneous with the rise of industry and commerce in Hungary. Sugar refineries, ironworks, and textile mills were established, but the owners of these factories were either Jews who had got rich in commerce, or foreigners, especially Germans. Had the Hungarian aristocrats gone over to industry as the English noblemen did during the industrial revolution, they might have saved themselves. But work was considered beneath a gentleman's dignity in Hungary at the end of the last century. And this attitude was encouraged by the Premier, Coloman Tisza (the father of Count Stephen Tisza). To save the small gentry he created a new bureaucracy, and put the ruined aristocrats and noblemen in governmental positions.

Another crisis came at the end of the World War. Two-thirds of Hungary's territories were taken away and given to the new Succession States. The new regimes confiscated the estates of the Magyar nobility in these territories, and dismissed the Hungarian gentry from the government posts which they held. The new regime established by the counter-revolution of 1919 tried to place these aristocrats in positions in industry and commerce which had formerly been left to foreigners and to Jews.

The lists of the boards of directors of large banks and industrial enterprises are resplendent with ancient aristocratic names. Their incomes from these sources, however, are not large enough to support the aristocrats in the life to which they have been accustomed. And the low prices of agricultural products give the landowners little return, so that though Hungary is the only agrarian country in southeastern Europe in which land reform, at least on a sweeping scale, has not been carried through, the aristocrats, in face of the very low return from their estates, are slowly being forced to sell their lands to the thrifty peasants.

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MIDWINTER BOOK SECTION

The Nation

Vol. CXXX, No. 3371 Wednesday, February 12, 1930

"He apprehends what is behind the masks human beings wear"*

TAMARA

"There is something mysterious, taciturn, and criminal in her unhurried speech, in the evasive glance of her deep and dark-gold eyes from under the long, lowered eyelashes, in her manners, her sly smiles and intonations of a modest but wanton would-be saint...."

PLATONOV

"I am a vagabond and am passionately in love with life. I have been a turner, a compositor; I have sailed as a stoker on the Azov Sea, have been a fisherman on the Black; I have loaded watermelons and bricks on the Dnieper, have ridden with a circus, have been an actor. And never did need drive me. No, only an immeasurable thirst for life and an insupportable curiosity. By God, I would like for a few days to become a horse, a plant, or a fish, or to be a woman and experience childbirth; I would like to live with the inner life, and to look upon the universe with the eyes of every human being I meet. . . ."

JENNIE

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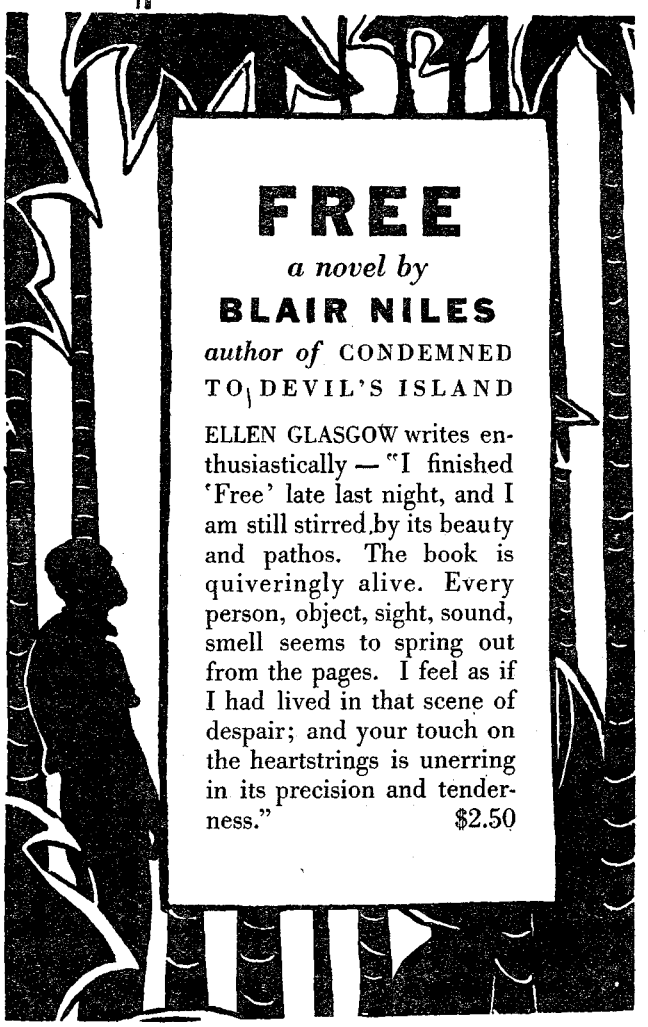

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Midwinter Book Section

All Too Humanism

By HENRY HAZLITT

OF all the strange crazes that sweep semiannually over American criticism, surely none will seem odder to the future literary historian than the present attempt to pump life into that particular rationalization of reaction and gentility that passes at present under the name of humanism. Before we examine the logical credentials of this doctrine, we may profitably ask ourselves what it is that is impelling young writers at the moment to announce their conversion and to take the humanist vows.

We find a number of motives, some of them more creditable than others. There is, to begin with, a reaction from the cult of unintelligibility and incoherence, and from the new barbarism and the tough-guy school of literature; and this reaction is to a large extent sound. Further, the younger generation is impressed by the fact that the humanists seem to have a wider knowledge of the literature of the remote past than most of their opponents. And again, in so far as humanism may be thought of as a form of classicism, it was bound to follow upon an era of romanticism. Just as a period of traditionalism is succeeded by one of revolt, so revolt in turn is succeeded by revolt from revolt, i.e., by another wave of traditionalism. Historic perspective should enable us to hazard the prediction that the wave of traditionalism just beginning will probably go farther; but it should also enable us to predict that it in turn will not be permanent.

Behind this endless see-saw are two main causes. Either traditionalism or revolt, when it reaches a high point, tends to discredit itself by its own excesses. And even if it does not, critics tire of the old theories and the old gods, and want new theories and new gods, if only for the sake of something fresh to talk about. Hence the present shouts of down with Mencken, down with Dreiser, down with Lewis, down with Cabell; hurrah for the youngsters under thirty and the critics over sixty! It is the same motive, at bottom, that periodically leads a bored and restless voting public to turn the Republicans out and put the Democrats in. This phenomenon is recurrent and immemorial, both in politics and literature. It deserves a special name. We might call it, after its most famous victim among the Greeks, the *aristidization* of old heroes.

Perhaps an even deeper appeal of humanism is an appeal that authority has always made, and now makes with particular force. Amid the blooming, buzzing confusion of new discoveries, doctrines, theories, isms, opinions, it is peaceful, it saves a great deal of anxiety and mental effort, to bow one's head to a traditional authority. Further, many of the conclusions of science, particularly when one does not understand them, and imagines that they imply a purely mechanistic view of the world, seem depressing, and the "new humanism," and even better the old-time religion, appeal as quiet and comforting sanctuaries. It is this that lies behind T. S. Eliot's adoption of Anglo-Catholicism, and the humanist's dislike of what he calls "naturalism." Of course, if you decide to let an authority give you cut-and-dried answers to your problems, there is still the problem, hardly less difficult, of deciding *which* authority shall do it. In practice, however, that problem has not troubled the religious branch of the humanists at all. There is not the slightest possibility that any one of them will emerge as a Buddhist or a Zoroastrian; they allow the problem to be decided for them by geography and social considerations: Mr. Eliot is an Anglo-Catholic because he is a British citizen.

The humanists, as I have already implied, are not very well acquainted with science. And this, I think, as well as the uncomfortable conclusions to which they imagine science leads, accounts to a large extent for the fact that they seldom refer to science except to depreciate or to patronize it. In brief, they rationalize their scientific ignorance. They wish to convince themselves that knowledge they do not possess is not knowledge of the first importance. If one knows Greek, but not physiology, then it is well to dismiss physiological knowledge as merely "utilitarian," first being careful to imply subtly that utilitarianism is identical with philistinism. At all events, a good humanist knows how to emerge with the conclusion, or at least the innuendo, that literary studies, particularly if they are of literature far enough in the past, are the only kind with a genuine cultural, or as he would put it, a genuinely "human," value.

Not least among the causes for the present vogue of humanism is the desire of the critic to have a theory, a "philosophy," a "point of view." If he does not give clear evidence of such a philosophy, or if it is merely implicit in his criticism, he is likely to be accused of being devoid of "ideas." It is convenient for him to have a philosophy that he can state explicitly, and that has already been neatly labeled. He yields to the temptation to take someone else's philosophy, ready made, and to take all of it, coat, vest, shoes, socks, trousers, without too curious a scrutiny. If, finally, we include those youngsters who are going in for humanism for no better reason than to be on the bandwagon, we have listed virtually all the main motives behind the new movement.

When we come to examine the meaning and validity of humanism as a doctrine, we are confronted by the initial difficulty of deciding (as space limitations forbid dealing with all of them) just *whose* humanism we are going to examine. There are apparently grave differences among the humanists themselves. There is, first, the schism between the religious and non-religious humanists. The most important recent criticisms have been made from the religious standpoint. Mr. Eliot, criticizing Mr. Babbitt, has maintained that the humanist point of view is at bottom "auxiliary to and dependent upon the religious point of view." And Allen Tate has insisted that "religion is the sole technique for the validating of values." Further, the European humanists do not seem to have too much respect for their American brethren. Ramon Fernandez, translated

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by Mr. Eliot in the January *Criterion,* goes so far as to say that the American humanists "do not seem to have tested their notions by a rigorous critique, and are easily entrapped in their own pretensions."

It is the doctrines of the American humanists that now concern us, so we shall turn to their acknowledged leader, Irving Babbitt. It is probably fairest to begin with his latest encyclical, which appears in the February *Forum.* What first strikes the reader who has had any acquaintance with exact reasoning is the amazing looseness with which Mr. Babbitt, as well as all the other humanists, employs crucial terms. Around each of these terms hangs a heavy fog. There is first the word "humanism" itself, which Mr. Babbitt confesses he has not been able to make clear in a series of volumes. Then there is "standards." Then there is "humanitarianism." Finally there is "nature," with its derivatives "natural" and "naturalism"; and these are used more loosely than any of the others. Stuart Mill once devoted a long essay entirely to the confusions and fallacies inherent in various uses of the word "nature," but he might just as well never have written so far as Mr. Babbitt is concerned. Mr. Babbitt falls into the same fallacy as his arch-enemy and mighty bugaboo Rousseau; the only difference being that Rousseau was all for freeing and glorifying something that he thought of as "the natural man," and Mr. Babbitt is all for suppressing something that he calls "the natural man." At one time the reader of humanist propaganda will find the word "naturalism" applied to Rousseau's naive doctrine of "back to nature," and at another time the word will refer to the scientific investigation of natural processes; and the ill repute that attaches to the term in its first sense will somehow be carried over to the second.

But Mr. Babbitt commits this sin of ambiguity and vague extension on a far greater scale when he comes to the word "Rousseauism." Now Rousseau was an extremist, and in many ways an ass, and it is very easy to discredit some of his more important views. But Mr. Babbitt takes advantage of this fact to attempt to discredit every view, no matter how well established, that is either superficially similar to one of Rousseau's, or may be made to seem so; and he attempts further to strengthen his case by pretending that the views he is attacking have their historic origin in Rousseau. The trick is an ancient one; indeed, it is accurately described in that ironic little masterpiece, "The Art of Controversy," in which Schopenhauer lists, numbers, and names the various shady stratagems for getting the better of an opponent in a dispute. Mr. Babbitt's two main controversial devices fall under Stratagems I and XXXII. The first "consists in carrying your opponent's proposition beyond its natural limits . . . so as to exaggerate it." Stratagem XXXII consists in putting your opponent's assertion "into some odious category; even though the connection is only apparent, or else of a loose character. You can say, for instance, 'That is Manichaeism, . . . or Spinozism, . . . or Naturalism,' . . . and so on. In making an objection of this kind, you take it for granted (1) that the assertion in question is identical with, or is at least contained in, the category cited—that is to say, you cry out, 'Oh, I have heard that before'; and (2) that the system referred to has been entirely refuted, and does not contain a word of truth."

Substitute the word "Rousseauism" above, for any of the isms listed, and you have almost the entire *Forum* argument of Mr. Babbitt uncannily anticipated and summed up.

Yet it is probably unjust to Mr. Babbitt to imply that he has employed this dialectical device as a conscious trick. The man is too sincere for that, and he has been arguing this way for too many years. Rousseau and his doctrines have become an obsession with him—one might almost say a monomania—and they play for him the role that the devil and his temptations did for the medieval saint. That is why Mr. Babbitt can accuse any one who does not agree with him of "Rousseauistic emotionalism" with the same facility as the late Mayor Hylan could accuse all his critics of being tools of the traction trust. But all this means that it is impossible to take Mr. Babbitt seriously as a thinker. His antagonism to Rousseau distorts all his views, if it does not actually dictate most of them: it drives him to an opposite extreme; he is clearly a victim of "the subservience of contradiction."

No reader can go very far with him, moreover, unless he is willing to take over a shallow and jerry-built metaphysics and an antiquated psychology that insist first on a dualism between man and nature and then on another dualism between what Mr. Babbitt calls our "expansive desires" (the existence of which we are obviously meant to deplore) and what he calls "the higher will." Nearly all of his writing comes down to a mere shuffling of these terms, neatly set off against each other in pairs—"humanism" against "naturalism" or "Rousseauism," "emotionalism" against "reason" (the latter, of course, being identified with humanist doctrine), "expansive desires" against "higher will," and so on, until the reader has had enough. Mr. Babbitt does not use these terms for simple reference, but emotively—that is, they are mere signals for certain hoped-for attitudes on the part of the reader.

It is not necessary to spend much time over the "constructive" side of Mr. Babbitt's doctrine. "Decorum is supreme for the humanist." "The humanist exercises the will to refrain." The insistence, you will notice, is always on the purely *negative* virtues. Apply them to literary criticism. We are above all to judge a writer, not by his originality or force, not by his talent or genius, but by his decorum! That is, we are to praise him for a virtue within the reach of any learned blockhead. And we are presumably to denounce him if he lacks the virtue of decorum—i.e., we are to denounce Villon, Rabelais, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Carlyle, Nietzsche, Dostoevski, Melville, and Whitman. As for "the will to refrain," it is the outstanding merit of the cartoonist Webster's hero—the Timid Soul, Mr. Caspar Milquetoast.

Enough of Mr. Babbitt's humanism. Paul Elmer More's, or Norman Foester's is no better. A small clique of the self-anointed have arrogated to themselves a name that stood, in the fifteenth century, for a genuinely liberating attitude, and degraded it to a synonym for a hide-bound academicism. The whole doctrine has become little more than a rationalization of neophobia and a piece of special pleading for the genteel tradition. At its best, it is a mere revival of a singularly dogmatic and narrow classicism. There are, of course, sound criteria in the classic tradition, unduly neglected in the criticism of the last decade. But the critics who wish to apply these criteria will be well advised if they do not load themselves down with the millstone of dogma that the humanists are so eager to hang on their necks.

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The Twenties in American Literature

By GRANVILLE HICKS

A SURVEY of the twenties is rather sad business. Ten years ago the chorus of rejoicing was loud and hearty; today we listen patiently to wails of despair and outbursts of denunciation. Ten years ago the sour notes of dissension were drowned out by blissful prophecies of a renaissance; today the surviving dissenters find their triumphant "I told you so" blending with the lamentations of the younger critics.

Short as a decade is, it is not altogether easy to remember how promisingly the twenties began. Nineteen hundred and twenty was the year of "Main Street," "Poor White," "Miss Lulu Bett," "The Age of Innocence," and "The American Credo." It was the year of "Smoke and Steel," "A Few Figs from Thistles," "The Three Taverns," and "Beyond the Horizon." It is little wonder that two comparatively restrained critics, writing in 1924, stated that 1920 began a new age in American literature.

We all know what critics today are saying about the authors who looked so impressive a decade ago. We are told that Cabell is essentially naive, that Lewis is only one short step ahead of George F. Babbitt, that Anderson is diffuse and befuddled, that Dreiser has neither insight nor capacity for clarification, and that Mencken is merely a noisy disseminator of quarter-truths and boob-catching platitudes. It is pointed out to us that Masters is still a man of one book, that Sandburg's violent affirmations have ended in chilly gloom, that Imagism and Amy Lowell are buried in the same unremembered grave, and that O'Neill looks as futilely as ever beyond the horizon.

With more than one of these judgments I find myself forced to agree; and yet I doubt if any fair survey of the twenties can be content with so curt a summary. We need a vigorous analysis of the defects of the middle generation, but there is a place also for a careful weighing of its accomplishments. Second thought reveals, I believe, that the critics who in 1920 hailed the beginnings of an American renaissance were not altogether asinine. We may grant that they should have seen more clearly certain distressing weaknesses in the novels and poems of that year; but that the virtues they applauded were either trivial or non-existent is not so certain.

Let us take the case of James Branch Cabell, whose reputation, judging from the reviews of his latest work, has been as thoroughly deflated as that of any writer of the period. If we can forget for a moment the diminution of Cabell's resourcefulness and the monotony of his slight variations of a single theme, if we can bring ourselves to look at "Jurgen" through the eyes of 1920, we may be able to see why the book was legitimate ground for hope. Here was a work that disregarded the pale proprieties of Victorian reticence and poked fun at sacred conventions, written in a style that, though it was artificial and derivative, was at least evidence of self-conscious craftsmanship. The book could scarcely be said to represent the pinnacle of sophistication, but in 1920 it was reasonable to think that the man who had written "Jurgen" would write better books and would inspire others to the achievement of a wise and mature irony.

By a similar readjustment of perspective we may perceive values—and rather more important values—in the Main Street school. Of course Lewis's picture of Gopher Prairie was distorted; how could he be unaffected by fifty years of a fiction that sentimentalized the village? Undoubtedly his treatment of his characters and his implied criticisms of American values were superficial; in what school might he have acquired the deep insight that could find meaning in the trivialities of small-town life and give form to the chaos of post-war America? But in "Main Street," with its mass of photographic detail and its veracious reproduction of the native speech, there appeared the possibility that something of the real United States might find its way into literature.

"Main Street," moreover, did not stand alone. When we survey the years from 1890 to 1920 we see a little group of writers, usually neglected and frequently damned as indecent, trying to come to some sort of terms with the America they knew. We find their work blemished by survivals of Victorian dogmas and Victorian fears, and sometimes marred by the irrelevant zeal of the muckraker. When we come to 1920 we see a dozen men and women essaying the same task, and approaching it with fewer false assumptions and greater resolution. It may be said that their superiority lay in a better sociological rather than a better literary equipment, but the superiority was there.

Anderson's short stories, for example, portray the frustrations of rural life, the occasional moments of beauty in commonplace existences, the struggles and defeats of the inarticulate; and "Poor White" reflects, in however distorted a fashion, the human consequences of America's industrial progress. More subtly, more tenderly, and more comprehensively, the stories and novels of Willa Cather deal with the frontier. In such works, and in "Moon-Calf," "Miss Lulu Bett," and other novels of the early twenties, the critic saw evidences that American writers had the will to utilize American themes and were fumbling their way toward a form and method that would serve their purpose. There is no particular merit, someone may object, in the utilization of national themes. That is true, and yet those are the themes which American writers most naturally adopt and which most fully challenge their powers. When we have a great literature those themes will not be neglected, and any step toward their utilization has its value.

It should be unnecessary to show how American poetry, shaking off at last the paralyzing hand of Victorian diction, found new vigor in the treatment of indigenous subjects; or how criticism, seeking to defend and interpret the new literature, brushed aside the timidities and stereotypes of the academicians. And it is also unnecessary, I fear, to dwell at length on the disappointment of the hopes which the early twenties raised. The precise nature of that disappointment may be summarized in a single sentence: What was a promising beginning remained only a beginning. As a result, the middle generation is important only in so far as it may have

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succeeded in clearing the path for something better to come.

Why the writers of the twenties did not develop, why hatred for shams did not grow into a demand for realities, why a desire to treat the untouched aspects of Ameican life did not become a desire to treat the whole of American life, why the quest for unvarnished truth did not lead to a quest for unblemished clarity, it is not easy to explain. Perhaps it was simply a case of the absence of genius; perhaps it was because popularity was too easily won; perhaps it was because our national life is as yet too chaotic to lend itself readily to the purposes of the artistic imagination; perhaps it was because the critics themselves mistook means for ends and substituted enthusiasm for discrimination. But whatever the explanation, the tragedy of the twenties is apparent.

The burst of activity with which the twenties began and the subsequent downfall of the middle generation are, however, only half the story of the decade that has just passed. We must also examine the newer movement, which is at least partly a definite reaction to the earlier developments. Since we are today part of that movement it is not easy for us to describe it, but we cannot leave it out of the reckoning.

The reaction is most apparent in the sphere of criticism. Ten years ago impressionism dominated the field. It was baldly stated in Mencken's cackling-hen theory; it was refined and somewhat systematized in Lewisohn's romantic individualism; it was subtilized and given philosophic standing by Spingarn and the Croceans. Today the swing is toward standards. In its extreme form the demand for standards has led to the adoption of the program of Babbitt and More. If we must have standards, some of the critics seem to be saying, let us get them ready made. Humanism, emboldened by the acquisition of these converts and encouraged by the debacle of the early twenties, is transferring its pulpit from the academic halls to the pages of the popular magazines, and its evangelistic campaign is getting results.

But Babbittean humanism, though it assumes the contrary, has no monopoly in this matter of standards, nor does it find the impressionists its only enemies. A most cursory examination of contemporary criticism calls attention to Clifton Fadiman's pleas for more emphasis on technique and more study of European products, to Irwin Edman's labors of mediation in philosophy and literature, to Edmund Wilson's careful, appreciative, and discriminating studies of contemporary authors, and to Yvor Winters's emphatic and original essays on poetry. The school of Van Wyck Brooks has clarified its principles so that its critical dicta rest upon a firmer and broader foundation than that of ten years ago, and it has given us such creditable works as Lewis Mumford's "The Golden Age" and "Herman Melville," Newton Arvin's "Hawthorne," and T. K. Whipple's "Spokesmen." These critics have not found it necessary to promulgate the fourteen points of their literary credos, but it is a mistake to assume that they are without their guiding stars. Quite as strongly as the humanists, they repudiate the theories of impressionism.

In poetry the reaction has centered in T. S. Eliot. There are unmistakably romantic elements in Eliot's work, but his rejection of the expansiveness of Sandburg and Lindsay, his substitution of compression for diffuseness, and his choice of subjects—all distinguish him from the poets of Louis Untermeyer's renascence. Moreover, many of the poets whose early work Eliot influenced have moved even farther from the position of the middle generation. At the same time there have been many capable poets quite unaffected by Eliot's work. As a result, the diversity of modern poetry is its most obvious quality, and—which is as it should be—it is impossible to include even any considerable portion of contemporary verse within a single generalization.

It is clear, however, that some of our poets are consciously opposed to middle-generation ideals, and that almost all of them have found new aims and new methods. If one thinks of Yvor Winters and Hart Crane, of Allen Tate and John Crowe Ransom, of Léonie Adams and Louise Bogan, and of Archibald MacLeish and Phelps Putnam, one sees the change that has taken place in American poetry since the days of Sandburg, Masters, and Lindsay, of Amy Lowell, H.D., and John Gould Fletcher. Even Robinson and Frost we admire for different reasons than those offered in 1920.

We are wise to avoid extravagant encomiums, but we have little reason for complaint about the present state of poetry. The novelists, however, are less impressive. The influence of the older school continues, and too often its faults have been more persistent than its virtues. Where newer methods are apparent their merits are not entirely clear. The new barbarism, as it has been called, is frequently an exaggeration of some of the less admirable qualities of the middle-generation novelists. The preoccupation with form displayed by Thornton Wilder and one or two others has as yet yielded nothing extraordinary. The shadow of Joyce hangs over many of the younger writers, and so far it has seemed to blight their talents. One watches with interest—but not without perturbation—the careers of Elizabeth Roberts, Glenway Westcott, and Ernest Hemingway. One must approve the increase of objectivity and the growing concern with technique, and one can sympathize with the determination of the new generation to have nothing to do with the easy satire of Lewis, the autobiographical methods of the Moon-Calf school, and the amorphous grotesqueness of Dreiser; but so far there is little enough to which we can point with pride.

If we try to estimate in a semi-statistical fashion the literary progress of the twenties, as Stuart Chase has recently sought to calculate the economic progress, we arrive at results as mixed as his and quite as conducive to only a greatly restrained optimism. We record that the decade began with the production of works that actually raised the level of American literature and that gave promise of a healthy and fruitful development. But we must place over against that the fact that the promise was never kept. We find that in the second half of the decade a different kind of activity began, and we may enter on one side of the ledger the improved state of criticism and the satisfactory condition of poetry. On the other side, however, must be mentioned the dubious situation of the novel and the danger that the reaction in criticism may lead to stultifying excesses.

One more entry we may make on the credit side: we may legitimately note the popular interest in books. The enthusiasms of 1920 stimulated the general reading of poetry, drama, and the more serious novels, and this interest has not diminished with the deflation of enthusiasm. We cannot at present determine the value of the book clubs, the cheap books, the large sales. We can see the evils of the various forms of literary racketeering, the teas and other circus

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stunts, the log-rolling, the canned reviews, and the culture-over-night advertising. But a lively and widespread interest in books is intrinsically no evil and potentially a good.

One result of the popular concern with books is a greater interest in criticism. Now that the most academic of all critical theories has become a subject of popular discussion, it should be possible for any competent critic to win a hearing. I think—perhaps because I hope—that the interest in humanism is only a fad; if so, the very fact that it has become a fad may prevent it from having any deep or lasting effect upon literary taste. But it will be lamentable if the vogue of humanism does not provide an opportunity for the formulation and presentation of truly humane and philosophic views of literature. We have critics, as I have indicated, capable of accomplishing such a task, and they can do much to provide for the writers of the future a well-informed, alert, discriminating group of readers.

Perhaps a survey of the twenties is not so melancholy an affair as one might think. Repressive taboos and conventions have been cleared out of the way; sad experience has at least indicated the nature of one or two tempting blind alleys; popular interest has been aroused. Professor Perry's salmon may not be running, but I have no intention of throwing away my fishing tackle.

Lincoln and His Fate

Lincoln. By Emil Ludwig. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Little, Brown and Company. $5.

HERR LUDWIG has, I believe, visited the United States, but this book is his first invasion of us that succeeds, in both senses, in living off the country; his strategy, therefore, like General Sherman's, is perfect. As one scans the long list of this author's publications in English, and pauses at the number of copies of each that have been sold, one cannot doubt that he is the most popular biographer of our time. Even a cursory inspection of the books themselves yields up the reason why. He is our sole master, among the many falsely so acclaimed, of the art of making history out of fiction and of reversing the process and making fiction out of history; it is the art of conjuring up the intimate historical background, of re-creating, or of simply making up out of whole cloth, the total setting of an event. The method strongly resembles the *Gestalt* theory of psychology, or would resemble it if that theory were a metaphor and not a laboratory technique; if the *Gestalt* psychologist should lose the distinction between observation and invention.

Herr Ludwig was aware of the difficulties besetting the path of all Lincoln biographers. He was properly sensitive at the outset to the implications of the task for a foreigner. And he warns us that the American pioneer background, being specially difficult for a modern European to understand, may have betrayed him into mistakes of detail and of historical evaluation. He has consulted all the leading authorities, and yet, says he, "The art of portraying human characters cannot be achieved by merely studying historical documents; it is practiced and learned in a never-ending study of living men and women." This theory of biography is not unlike a certain lady's theory of masculinity, which was so complete and perfect that in the end she could not tell one man from another and decided that she might as well have affairs with them all. One can easily imagine that, wishing to write about Henry, she would indifferently use her recollections of James and John; all of them being male and human, the same destiny and fate pursues them all. The sole prerequisite to writing about Henry would be an immediate, intuitive, a priori insight into the workings of his "soul," a method of procedure serenely beyond evidence and dispute. I quote Herr Ludwig:

> In those days, however [twenty years ago], I wrote poetry and no biographies, but in my way I studied Lincoln's life portrait as one of the most human heads ever created. When I began work, his figure was familiar to me, without my knowing much of the external history of his life.

Again:

> . . . I can only beg them [the readers] to consider the portrait as a whole and not to be too critical of the minute parts. Lincoln's career, more than that of any other man in history, is so grandly conceived by Fate that the first act is illuminated by the last, and every scene is bound together by dramatic destiny.

The miraculous formula, therefore, is this: Add together three pieces of invention, two pieces of misunderstood evidence, sixteen purple metaphors (mixed), and a great historical figure, and you get exactly nothing until you invoke Fate, who can add two oranges, three apples, and one prune, and get six bananas.

The first scene is a log cabin in Kentucky where the boy Lincoln is developing a mother-fixation. One expects a speedy return to the womb and the information that after all there will not be a story to tell. Fortunately, however, this theme, like a theme in a Russian symphony, gets lost, in a growing consciousness of class struggle and hatred of slavery. From here on the story moves rapidly, even breathlessly and affectingly. For Herr Ludwig is not only a master of invention and of fate; he is a master of narration. You may find a score of inaccuracies in as many pages, but they do not keep you from reading on to the end. Borne on the tide of narrative there is a character called Lincoln, enough like the Lincoln we have come to know to make him recognizable; the tide sweeps over a social and political background that is vaguely familiar. We are willing to pass over the slight but cumulative distortion of background and character in order to hear the perfectly self-confident story-teller to the end.

The author makes little pretension of dealing in full with the political background of Lincoln's early life, or with the complicated political and military situation of the Civil War. Yet he achieves a remarkable effect of completeness because he succeeds in relating all the cross-purposes of that era to a single libertarian idea, which need not be described here, and because this idea is focused almost entirely upon Lincoln. This is the "dramatic destiny" that Herr Ludwig speaks of; its chief principle of action, we begin to suspect, is main force. For the simple facts will not sustain such a view of the first half of our nineteenth century, and Lincoln's early life will not bear it for a moment.

Fate is capable of much, but it cannot make Lincoln an abolitionist *ab ovo*. One cannot believe that the remote origin of the Lincoln family in New England suffused the Lincoln germ-plasm with anti-slavery doctrine: slaves were still held in New England long after the Lincolns had settled in Virginia. Nor can one wholly believe that the Southern members of the Constitutional Convention were alone unwilling to send their slaves back to Africa; they were as unwilling as the New England members, who sold theirs to the Southern members. Fate is to blame for such Procrustean evidence: fate must have a clean-cut issue, with the opposition homogeneous on each side—the one all good, the other all bad. Nor can one believe that Lincoln's anti-slavery attitude, which was the attitude of a majority of the slaveholders, rose out of a feeling of class hatred, that his sympathy for the under-dog

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was the other side of his hatred for the rich. Nor, in this connection, can one believe that his hatred of the rich was a phase of his resentment against the mythical Virginia gentleman who was supposed to have been his grandfather; Ludwig admits the mythical character of this story, yet he continues to use it as one of the chief motivating forces in Lincoln's career! No one but a blind partisan of freedom, as this was conceived in 1850, could explain the great compromise of that year as a concession to the South: Herr Ludwig, of course, is not such a partisan, but it does sound better to have the noble cause making concessions to the ignoble adversary, whom, in spite of everything, it would have to chasten in the end. This is fate again.

The most beautiful example of Herr Ludwig's use of the Weird Sisters is his account of the Booth conspiracy. This conspiracy was not isolated; it was part of a greater one undertaken by accredited Confederate agents which nearly resulted in the burning of New York and in various uprisings everywhere in the North. Booth was thus not an obscure maniac, but the instrument of a larger fate—a fate, incidentally, that was to degrade one of the greatest of men to a mob martyr. The conspiracy succeeds, but just retribution overtakes the conspirators. Instead of mentioning Mrs. Sarratt by name and telling us that she was never proved to be an accessory to the crime, Herr Ludwig only alludes to her as a "Maryland lady," and lumps the so-called conspirators together as "Southerners all." Ah, those Southerners! They must have been a bad lot.

It is a fascinating book, as about one hundred thousand readers will see for themselves. ALLEN TATE

A Man's Book

Coronet. By Manuel Komroff. Coward-McCann. $3.

NEITHER Coleridge nor Mrs. Woolf would, I believe, call this book the product of an androgynous mind. It is stamped with an unmistakable masculinity, a quality in no way to be confused with that which goes by the same name for the contemporary novelists who strive so desperately merely to establish the degree of their hero's virility or resistance to alcohol. Mr. Komroff's attitude is far more subtle, sophisticated, and traditional. It is evident in his delineation of women, and especially in his treatment of episodes. The description of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow is purely factual; the temptation to permit an emotional interpretation—a woman's temptation—or the necessity to bestow the embellishment of wit upon the incident—the necessity of the androgynous mind such as shows itself in Stendhal's account of Waterloo—is absent. Mr. Komroff deals with war as a warrior would, as a surgeon deals with an operation, as a fact, something which is and which must be gone through. He also deals with women in the same way, with the result that, to a woman, his heroines are lifeless creatures. Fortunately, women are secondary to his theme. Primogeniture being strictly a masculine affair, the crown never graces a woman's head, and adventure, in fiction at least, being masculine too, the ladies are unimportant.

"Coronet" is a romance in the best and most spirited meaning. It has adventure and extravagance together with that greatest of all virtues of its kind—plausibility. It relates the history of a crown from the time it is wrought by a Florentine goldsmith during the Renaissance, through a century's sojourn in Russia, to the day it is listed among the assets of a titled husband for a Chicago packer's daughter. There is the suggestion that the title offers, beside the subject for a plot, the idea of a symbol, that it signifies rank, power, and vainglory, and that the intention of the book is to show that these are evil things, mutable but persistent. The suspense and interest of the story, however, arise from the author's talent. The prestidigitation of truth and fiction is flawless—Napoleon, Mademoiselle Georges, the Burins and the Jobeys, Chopin, Balzac, and the Mallets, each is as convincing as the other. The racial and individual stamp is placed on the characters with fine accuracy. Always there is movement and change, a coherent stride in the narration. Florence in the seventeenth century, avaricious, pompous, colorful; Paris under the first Napoleon, *nouveau riche,* ambitious, vulgar; Moscow and the retreat through Russia, grim, heroic, useless; pre-war Germany and its universities, theoretic, beery, militant; Chicago in the twenties, acquisitive, shrewd, naive—these are the circumstances and interpretations, the contrast and variety, the broad range of the setting. Among these scenes is traced the record of five civilizations in a simple, direct language which by its very plainness, like the language of a chronicle, lends worth to the deed. "Coronet" should be a particular solace to those discomfited by the more effeminate literature of the day.

FLORENCE CODMAN

More Farewells to War

Good-bye to All That. By Robert Graves. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $3.

All Our Yesterdays. By H. M. Tomlinson. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

AS was to be expected, the law of diminishing returns has set in. The first shock of horror caused by "All Quiet" has subsided; and the reading public has settled down to get what it can from the war-book avalanche in the way of morbid thrills and sadistic enjoyments. The propaganda value of volumes such as these by Captain Graves and Mr. Tomlinson is consequently very slight; and so it is pointless to discuss them as "revelations" or as "searing documents." They are, of course, written by civilized and intelligent men (Graves, at any rate, was intelligent by the time the war got through with him, and Tomlinson has never been anything else), which is to say that they bring against war the bitter and inexorable indictment which we should expect from sensitive human beings. I would not even think it worth while to mention this fact were it not that some critics are already beginning purposely to misinterpret these books; the inevitable counter-reaction of the arm-chair militarists has begun. One English critic (it was Bonamy Dobrée) in the course of a review of a number of war books (among them, I believe, Mr. Graves's) spoke solemnly of "the almost mystic need of man to test himself against horror," and went on to affirm that "war is still the supreme experience to multitudes of men, and the assurance that they can master fear [is] an overwhelming necessity." It is against this sort of nauseous balderdash that we must guard ourselves; it is from such heroic tosh that honest men and writers such as Graves and Tomlinson will suffer. Because they cultivate a sort of gentlemanly reticence and press their indictments more subtly than the Germans, it may be difficult for some unconscious jingoes to realize that they are as bitter, as disillusioned, as even the most ardent pacifist could wish.

It is the quality of that disillusionment and the manner in which it seeks to find its expression in art that are interesting in these two writers, rather than the specific revelations of brutality and stupidity (particularly in the case of "Good-bye to All That") which appear to have engrossed English readers. (Why presumably intelligent people should be shocked to learn that their military leaders were bull-headed and inefficient or that there was little patriotism in the trenches is beyond the power of conjecture.)

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The interesting thing about Graves's autobiography is not that he tells the truth about the war but that it took him so long to discover it. When 1914 broke he swallowed the horror whole. He was only nineteen, of course; but, more importantly, he was a public-school product. It is fascinating to trace the slow transformation in his character. He was brought up to be a member of the English governing class but, even as a child, he persisted in thinking for himself. He was a poet and a rebel—but not quite enough of either. Though he did not know it, by the time he had reached the age of nineteen he had been carefully stuffed with the English brand of athletic idealism. He never questioned the reasons for England's entry into the war; and though he was not at any time a patriot (in the sense of an imbecile), the public-school hangover lasted quite a while. One of the dullest—but most revealing—sections of the book describes—not ironically but with a casual, objective pride—the "glorious history" of the Royal Welch Fusiliers, Graves's regiment.

The mental immaturity so carefully fostered by the British bureaucracy is beautifully exemplified by the frank contrast Graves draws between his own war attitude and that of his brother-poet Siegfried Sassoon, who refused to continue fighting. Even after Graves was badly wounded and was in line for a discharge, the old poison of his public-school training—plus his disgust with wartime England—made him reply to the examining officer: "No, sir, I should be much obliged if you would pass me fit for service overseas." It is the "gentleman" in him speaking—the ideal which Sassoon threw overboard in short order. "It was suicidal stupidity and credulity, he [Sassoon] said, to identify yourself in any way with good form or gentlemanliness." How Graves gradually lost his childish Kiplingesque pride in his regiment, how under the stress of actuality he began to throw off the educational fetters his country had so carefully forged around him, how when the war was over he realized that he had attained his mental growth (at the expense of four years of horror and the partial maiming of an excellent poetic faculty)—there is the story of "Good-bye to All That." It is a typically British-upper-class document—except that here the man was forced by his intelligence to turn his back on his own class.

Mr. Tomlinson's book is a much more ambitious piece of work, maturer, deeper-toned. It is not a personal confession disguised as a novel, but a serious attempt to penetrate back of the causes, not merely of this war, but of all modern strife. His story begins in the days of Mafeking and Bloemfontein and aims to show the unbroken continuity of the war psychology of which each separate conflict is merely a manifestation. The attempt has been made, and I think successfully, to rise above simple indignation and horror into those serener and more contemplative heights to which the author of "The Dynasts" attained. The war is strained through that fine and brooding spirit which is uniquely Tomlinson's, and its essence distilled in a prose which is scrupulous to the last degree. It is impossible to find fault with Tomlinson's point of view, despite its occasional abstractness and a slight tendency to a sort of sad and cosmic tolerance, modified, however, by a consistent irony.

As the work of a reflective, beautifully tempered spirit, "All Our Yesterdays" cannot be too highly praised; but as a novel it leaves much to be desired. In his domain, which stretches from the journalistic commentary to the philosophical essay, Tomlinson is supreme; but neither "Gallions Reach" nor "All Our Yesterdays" convinces me that he is a novelist. I find the structure of this book confusing and disproportionate. I cannot understand the necessity for the long Conradian Novabambia section which, while it is beautifully written, is a pretty complicated mechanism to set in motion merely to show us how the colonial ambitions of rival governments produce the germs of war and confound the beneficent morality of science. But the main difficulty lies, I believe, in the wanness of Tomlinson's characterization. He has too acute and original a mind to produce a rubber-stamp character; but he thinks about and around his people so much and he is so careful to relate them to the mood and the ideology of his narrative that they become, in the end, the efficient tools of a brilliantly gifted essayist rather than the urgent, four-dimensional creations of the born novelist. This is true of his men, particularly Jim Maynard and Charley; but even truer of his women.

If one may be permitted to view "All Our Yesterdays" as a long essay on the roots of war, an essay both reflective and dramatic, which utilizes a half-dozen characters somewhat in the manner of an old morality play, one must place it very high. But it was intended to be a novel; and, as a novel, it does not seem to me quite to deserve all the rhetoric that has been showered upon it by the professional critics.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

To One Under a Mountain Cloud

By WITTER BYNNER

Why, when I know how steadfast nature is
And human love how fickle, how untrue,
Why in the openness of daytime blue,
Or why when the mountain-cloud vanishes,
Leaving the peaks miraculous like this
With frozen snow and all the trees made new
Like veins in flesh with the warm blood flushing through
From blood of sunset, why do I count on you
Above the quiet of the setting sun,
Above the immortal earth that no man wills,
Above the night's moonlit oblivion,
And spend my thrift upon these passing thrills
Of touch, soon to be mortally undone
Within the glory of the darkening hills!

Sanctuary

By BABETTE DEUTSCH

Paint—sullen blues, low muted reds, and hot
Yellows that blaze, netting the South alive;
Hills, houses, body's grace, three fruits, a pot:
Shapes whose sheer poise throbs like a secret hive. . . .
Sound—climbing out of time and over time,
The issue and the womb; sweet sound, the pit
Dissolving bone and marrow as in lime,
While the fugitive spirit's laughter floats over it. . . .

Though the strong minds that patterned sound and paint
Are quenched, though all our joy in them attend
The sure humiliation of our end,
These are the tabernacle beyond taint,
Even as those holy doors that anciently
Women stricken clutched, to prop a bold infirmity.

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Salt in the Sauce

Not on the Screen. By Henry B. Fuller. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THOSE bad sociologists who are sometimes thought good literary critics must have a hard time explaining Henry B. Fuller in terms of his environment. All his life he lived in Chicago, and all his life he spoke in the quietest voice to be heard from any man of letters in America. Nor did he, as the bad sociologists might hasten to suggest that he did, lower his voice out of any sense of inferiority in the presence of Chicago. One of the most informed and most intelligent of the novelists of his day, he had a courage to match his mind. He cut off heads (as in "Under the Skylights") no less thoroughly because he did it politely, and ventured upon perilous themes (as in "Bertram Cope's Year") no less firmly because he did it delicately. If he spoke quietly it meant only that he had by nature a quiet voice. In any other age, though he might have used a different form or idiom, he would have spoken in the same pitch. And in any other age, though he might have been heard more easily, he would not have been heard much more widely than he was. Human ears are not sensitive enough.

Mr. Fuller's posthumous "Not on the Screen" was plainly suggested to him by the contrast which suggested Elmer Rice's "Voyage to Purilia"—lately a serial and a bore in the *New Yorker*. Life on the motion-picture screen, it occurred to both of these writers, is remarkably unlike life anywhere else. Mr. Rice proved his point by laying his action in the imagined universe of the movies, and then, as it happened, blunted it by multiplying his evidence till ingenuity became monotony. Mr. Fuller laid his action in a more substantial universe, only now and then pointing to the contrast between what does take place and what might, in the movies, have taken place. In the end Mr. Rice had made a picture puzzle too full of tricks, and Mr. Fuller had made a novel almost full of flesh and blood. To that extent the quiet voice has been justified.

Still, the novel is not quite full of flesh and blood, or at least the blood never hurries and the flesh never demands. There is, for example, a love story which brings a young man and a young woman to an engagement five chapters before the end, but there is not a kiss between them anywhere in the book. The only approach to any such carnal gesture is a mere attempt on the part of the villain. The absence of a kiss, surely lawful in these circumstances, is a symptom of the general absence of salt in the characters, wherever else it may be in the story. The novelist has chosen to follow a strictly classical pattern in an account of a young man who comes to the city, slowly makes his way, meets and courts a girl, distances rivals and overcomes the opposition of her family, and wins her and a reasonable prosperity at about the same time. The movies have taught the readers of fiction to expect a great deal of thunder and lightning in such a plot. It is Mr. Fuller's point that, on the whole, nothing more need be expected than a few rainy days and a little discomfort. To press the point he leans backward, guarding against outward excitements and incidentally suppressing most of the natural inner excitements as well.

This formal pattern, this respectable decorum, however, turn out to be far from fatal to the book. Though Mr. Fuller left the salt out of his meat he put plenty of it in his sauce. He disappoints romantic expectations with a contagious delight. Holding his narrative tight in a classic mold, he permits himself the freedom of an unceasing classic irony which plays over the action in every sentence. That irony, being fully conscious, somehow warms the story as by reflected light. Even where it is prim it is bright and shrewd. Even where it is most reticent it always pierces in its quiet way. It demands that the reader meet the writer on the common ground of a critical intelligence which can smile over the drama here presented, but it can be counted on to please any reader who occupies that ground, slyly beguiling him from page to page, through episodes that are humorous because they are so actual, to a conclusion that is convincing because it is so unemphatic.

CARL VAN DOREN

Herbert Read, Critic

The Sense of Glory. By Herbert Read. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

HERBERT READ appeals to the writer as one of the most important of living English critics. Though he is not yet well known in this country, it is my conviction that "The Sense of Glory" will bring him a wide audience among intelligent readers. From my point of view he is a more worth-while critic than T. S. Eliot, and there is every reason to hope that his influence will become as great as Eliot's. For Read accomplishes the difficult task of combining four elements that are necessary to a complete criticism in this generation. He bases his critical methodology on science. He has a remarkable capacity for defining terms. He can live into the minds of diverse writers and clearly and sympathetically explain them. And he offers an ideal for the literary life which, while one may regard it with dubiety, still does not offend one.

The first requirement for a truly modern literary criticism is that it incorporate into its methodology the relevant contributions of the ancillary sciences. Read meets this requirement excellently. In his "Reason and Romanticism," a somewhat fragmentary and inadequate book in many ways but indispensable to an understanding of Read, he states emphatically this necessity. For instance, to illustrate his method of incorporating science into his procedure, he devotes considerable space to elaborating his conception of the possible contribution of psycho-analysis, particularly that of Jung, to literary criticism. Read takes up Jung's conception of the two major types of mentality, the extrovert and the introvert, and makes excellent use of it. He uses Jung's definitions of the peculiarities of these types to show that so-called romantic and classical literatures are but the logical literary expressions of the two types of minds. In this way he leads up naturally to that eclecticism which allows him to write sympathetically of Sterne, Swift, the Brontës, and Smollett.

His ability to define terms also emerges in "Reason and Romanticism," particularly in his brilliant essays on metaphysical poetry and on comedy. This passion for the exact use of terms, this ability to dissociate ideas and arrive at an exact meaning for loosely used terms, is necessary today when literature is being rescued from the hands of careless thinkers. Though this sort of thing can quickly run into idle pedantry (witness the exercises of Irving Babbitt), at its best it is immensely fruitful. And in Read you have it at its best. Observe it at work in "Phases of English Poetry."

Read's literary ideal has been implicit in all of his books, but it emerges most clearly in "The Sense of Glory." T. S. Eliot did Read a distinct disservice when he asserted that Read was a sort of neo-Thomist. He is not, if I understand him; and his only admiration for St. Thomas is for the latter's immense ability to define terms. The truth is that Eliot has reached the stage where he must perforce find Him under the bed of everyone he happens for some reason to admire. Read, with his scientific bias, could not be a neo-Thomist. (Incidentally, he remarks that there is no scientific tradition in Eng-

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lish criticism, which makes his task extremely difficult.) His literary ideal is quite other and is expressed in the title of the book under review. Unfortunately, he nowhere states exactly what "the sense of glory" means, though he insists that we should recover it. But from a close reading of this book I hazard the opinion that his argument runs something like this: Admitting that the world at present is immensely depressing to sensitive mentalities, as depressing as Aldous Huxley at his worst would have it, we must nevertheless live and work *as if* life were important—at the top of our bent, bring all our faculties to the service of the search for truth and to the creation of a sustaining philosophy for living.

The difficulty comes with the *as if*. It is an assumption difficult to make. Most of us do assume some such position, whether consciously or unconsciously, but when we are called upon to live with a deliberately assumed sense of glory, we balk. It seems a futile exercise in raising ourselves by our bootstraps, and we cannot but point out that Read's examples do not help us much. We feel more sympathetic with subjects like Swift than with Froissart, Malory, or Hawthorne, though he analyzes and presents them all with equal brilliance. It is not that we do not admit the value of the literature these writers produced, but that we cannot assume the attitude toward life which they *unconsciously* assumed. Unless the sense of glory grows out of our life naturally and inevitably, it will simply be another ideal offered to us, and rejected—a more sensible ideal than Anglo-Catholicism or the Sense of the Whole, but in the end just as useless.

To close this review on a note of praise, I call to the reader's attention the essay on Henry James and especially the eloquent closing pages.

C. Hartley Grattan

As If a Skeleton Were Singing

Circumference. Varieties of Metaphysical Verse, 1456-1928. Edited with a Preface by Genevieve Taggard. Covici-Friede. $6.

In the preface to her bold and far from commonplace anthology Miss Taggard has attempted one of the most difficult of critical tasks—the definition, namely, of that kind of poetry which Dr. Johnson none too wisely called "metaphysical." The poetry to which Johnson applied this word had been written the century before by Donne and Cowley and a hundred other ingenious men. The poetry which Miss Taggard has in mind, and of which she gives us many examples, was written not only in that century but in the century of Johnson himself and in the two centuries following him—is written, indeed, with particular success today. Johnson was not in his own opinion paying this poetry a compliment when he gave it such a name; he was pointing, rather, to a species of poetic error. Miss Taggard bestows the term in all reverence upon that kind of poetry which she considers best. Another difficult critical task would seem to be the reconciliation of Dr. Johnson and Miss Taggard.

They agree rather nicely, as a matter of fact, when it comes to describing metaphysical poetry. Johnson employed a different language, but his emphasis, like Miss Taggard's in part, is upon the ingenuity of the stuff—that ingenuity which once went under the name of wit and in the seventeenth century went often under the name of fancy. "Wit," William Davenant had said, "is the laborious and the lucky resultances of thought. It is a web consisting of the subtlest threads; and like that of the spider is considerately woven out of ourselves. Wit is not only the luck and labor, but also the dexterity of thought, rounding the world, like the sun, with unimaginable motion, and bringing swiftly home to the memory universal

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surveys." A metaphysical prose-poem in itself, this definition; and it speaks in praise of processes which Johnson on the whole condemned—processes resulting in conceits, tortured images, and overelaborate originality. Miss Taggard praises them once again. They produce for her "the concrete word," "the dazzling concept"; they are the sign of a poet "born with a salty sanity in his bones," and "with a coldness that makes it possible for the mind to probe itself, as it writes of itself, lavishly and unmercifully." They are the processes through which, if we are good poets, we learn "to give an idea no form but itself, to show it as organic by an inner music, as if the bones of a skeleton were singing in their own rhythm."

People write well when they write about metaphysical poetry. Miss Taggard does; Dr. Johnson did, and Dryden, and Davenant. And no wonder, since the thing in itself is so wonderful. But they all seem to be writing about different things. Miss Taggard has her own special moral, which is, finally, that "for the metaphysical poet Science is the freedom of the universe, liberating a vast unused mentality; the excitement of enormous sweeps, the dizziness of looking in all directions at the surrounding fact." This is interesting and fine, but I should say something quite different, since difference is in order. I suspect that the metaphysical poet is never so uncomfortable as when he is free; that he abhors vastnesses of mentality; that he wants no enormous sweeps. He inhabits instead a precious and terrible little world of his own making—one he has made, perhaps, in defense against these open spaces, and one in which he plays with nothing more momentous than combinations—sometimes lucky, sometimes laborious—of curious ideas. His world is his own intellect, his personal mind, and it is no bigger than a nutshell; but fuller, for it has an infinite number of cavities, and much sweet meat, and many worms. Miss Taggard's own favorites, Donne and Emily Dickinson, were personal in this fashion. My notion is that science has nothing to do with the case. Yet I could never prove Miss Taggard wrong, and at any rate she is to be thanked for having brought up the whole subject again in a few highly suggestive pages.

Her collection of poems, from William Dunbar to T. S. Eliot and many another modern, is of course a rich one. In some instances I could not fathom the principle of inclusion—as when, after a demonstration in the preface that Milton and Keats are not metaphysical poets, I found poems by Milton and Keats. It would have been better to be strict and leave them entirely out. Donne is the hero of the collection, naturally, but Herbert and Vaughan are fully represented, and Emily Dickinson only somewhat less fully. Among the American contemporaries of Miss Taggard the note seems to be struck best by Léonie Adams, Louise Bogan, E. E. Cummings, T. S. Eliot, Robert Frost, Phelps Putnam, Allen Tate, and Wallace Stevens.

MARK VAN DOREN

Martin Luther

Martin Luther: A Destiny. By Lucien Febvre. Translated from the French by Roberts Tapley. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.75.

HERE is an excellent book that deserves, but does not require, a long review, for it may be commended unqualifiedly as one of the best written and most interesting biographies of recent years, and it seems to have lost nothing through the translation. The author tells us in his preface, however, that it is not a biography, "nor yet an estimate. The plan has been rather to plot the curve of a destiny which was simple but tragic; to establish accurately the few genuinely important points through which it passed . . . and

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thus finally to open up, with respect to this singularly forceful character, the basic question of history, the question, namely, of the relationship between the individual and the mass, between personal initiative and public necessity." The central thought of the book could not be better stated. M. Febvre portrays in a fascinating style the dramatic struggle between the complex soul of Luther and the social forces of his time; he has also succeeded in giving his subject an excellent historical setting, through his intimate knowledge of the period, without encumbering it with too many details. Though popularized, this is a biography not lacking in keen psychological analysis or scholarship. In the opinion of the reviewer, the book is not inferior in quality or interest to the writings of such interpreters of character as Lytton Strachey or André Maurois.

KARL F. GEISER

A Comedy of Errors

The Man a Woman Marries. By Victor Cox Pedersen. Minton, Balch and Company. $2.50.

AS a subject for literary discourse matrimony is gaining steadily. Last season brought us an elaborate statistical survey by Macgowan and Hamilton and another by Groves and Ogburn, and there were scores of minor studies and hosts of articles. To this list must now be added Dr. Pedersen's "The Man a Woman Marries."

Without losing time on loose talk the physician plunges *in medias res.* The first section of his book is devoted to a matter-of-fact discussion of the mechanics and physiology of sex, a discussion that would do justice to a book on biology. The reader is encouraged: perhaps, at last, an objective analysis of the entire subject without sentimentalities! He is, however, doomed to disappointment. The very next section introduces a prehistoric retrospect bristling with inaccuracies. We are told that the "social standing of early races is indicated by the weight and complexity of their brains" (page 36). One is not quite sure just what this means, but no matter—it is wrong anyway. Then an oft-buried ghost arises: "The earliest organization of society was matriarchy" (page 39). The author has read Lowie's "Primitive Society" but he has not read it well enough. Again: "Capture of women of a neighboring tribe is exogamous activity rudely securing a mate outside the territorial, social, and political relations of the group of the man" (page 40). But where does the author find evidence of such "capture"? As to "exogamous activity," it always refers to intermarriages between clans or other groups of assumed relatives belonging to the same political and, usually, territorial unit. Next comes Morgan's old list of the stages of the family (page 41). The stages, we are told, "are theoretical but probably final" (meanwhile Lowie's book, disproving the stages, lies by unopened). The list, as given, would not mean much to the lay reader; does it to the author?

Nor is there relief when the author returns to history and modernity. The confusion here encountered is truly amazing. This is what we read on page 61:

> Other attributes toward the loved one which sex underlies are: 1. Jealousy or resistance to interference; 2. Desire to share all burdens; 3. General obligation; 4. Patriotism and humanitarianism or extension of the obligation to community, country, and race; 5. Modesty and prudery strangely lead to needless strain and combat contradictory to parental impulses; 6. Indecency and immodesty affect both sexes and spring from mental defects and lead to moral excesses. They are abnormal reversions to the ancestral type of mind.

The rest is an alloy of evolutionary orthodoxy—in the classical manner—and puritanical morality. Monogamy may

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be all right, but may we assume, just like that, that it is, or that it is superior to polygamy? With reference to women the author has good intentions; he fights valiantly against all assumptions of sex inferiority, yet we read with reference to school work (page 214): "The girls are the more faithful in effort. The boys have a deeper grasp of any subject"; and a little farther on: "All general characteristics of the sexes are mutually helpful." Birth control is rejected, and as a recipe for "sexual balance" we get this: "Regular exercise—indoors where outdoors cannot be had—simple not stimulating diet, inspiring, cultural, not suggestive, salacious reading, actual accomplishments not idleness." We fear for sexual balance!

In a book on the man a woman marries, one might expect an analysis of physical traits likely to affect sexual selection, something of the compatibility of types (Goethe's "affinities"), some comments on respect for personality, on personal freedom, on the shift of attitudes ushered in with the arrival of the "modern woman." Of all this not a word; instead, numerous and often highly veiled uses of the word "consideration": a man (the one a woman marries) must have consideration. With this assured, the woman may go ahead.

ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER

The Testament of Beauty

The Testament of Beauty. By Robert Bridges. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

ROBERT BRIDGES, Poet Laureate of England, was born in 1844; he has lived, therefore, through three literary periods and has seen three well-defined shifts of scene. As a young man he must have been influenced by all that concerned Alfred Tennyson in his poetical epitomizing of the Victorian Age: its religious doubt and insecure faith, its attempt at fortification against the scientific revolution, its moral primness and ugly industrialism. Later he endured the nineties, fin de siècle, a period of pessimism and sensualism whose main dogmas were Impressionism and Art for Art's Sake; and at last he came upon the contemporary scene: he saw Science conquer, and a new Psychology begin to question even the integrity of the thinking mind; he saw Industrialism in complete command of human lives, and, worst of all, he lived to watch a war blot out all evidence of spiritual progress. He has continued after that war to observe a disillusioned group of men who have never known youth or idealism. Now, in the face of all this evidence against faith and hope, he has had the courage to publish, in his eighty-sixth year, his Testament of Beauty, a long poem comparable in its purpose of teaching and prophesying to Wordsworth's Prelude and Excursion.

In this poem Mr. Bridges rededicates himself to the creed announced in 1876 in his "Growth of Love":

> I will be what God made me, nor protest
> Against the bent of genius in my time,
> That science of my friends robs all the best,
> While I love beauty and was born to rhyme.

"The Testament of Beauty" is not a protest; it is an argument and, to Mr. Bridges, a proof that Beauty will prevail, that all forces work toward a greater spirituality in men and toward a consequent greater Art; it is indeed a survey of the past with intent to force the conclusion that man's moral and aesthetic progress is one and the same, and that this progress points necessarily toward a conventional morality and religion. The compulsion toward religion remains important to his argument, but the religious emotion is lost through the author's attempt to use such modern abstractions as Force, Mind, Law, when he means God. If Mr. Bridges's argument remains unconvincing in view of the discoveries of history, science, an-

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thropology, and psychology, if the proof is based upon an ephemeral idealism with which we today have little patience, this may not necessarily condemn the poem as poetry. Many a poet has gone badly astray in manipulating argument. But since, with the exception of the gracefully medieval tone of the Introduction, poetry here is freighted much too heavily with argument and philosophical jargon; since, indeed, most of "The Testament of Beauty" cannot be called poetry at all—even in its ineptly applied literary echoes of earlier poets, its pallid allegory, archaisms, inversions, and rhetoric—but is rather a prose tract cast into verse, we may consider its logic and its argument rather than its poetic quality. Doubtless Mr. Bridges himself realizes something of the difference between the technique of this, his latest work, and the quality of those delicate and charming lyrics by which he is most likely to be remembered; doubtless he would lead his readers to a consideration of his thought, for he has, in his Testament, taken the tone of an instructor.

"The Testament of Beauty" is divided into an Introduction announcing that the poem is to be a Vision, and then into three parts, Selfhood, Breed, and Ethick. The Vision becomes in the second part much less allegorical and much more argumentative than the Introduction leads us to expect. The symbols are the two horses and their charioteer as employed in the apocalyptic imagery:

> The Vision of the Seer is Truth's Apocalypse,
> yet needeth for our aid a true interpreter.
> The names of the two horses are *Selfhood* and *Breed,*
> the charioteer is *Reason.*

Selfhood, the first horse, is the Ego, the selfishness in human beings, but this force may and does grow more altruistic:

> Selfhood is fundamental
> and universal in all individual Being,
> and that thru Motherhood it came in animals
> to altruistic feeling and thence after in men
> rose to spiritual affection.

Breed, on the other hand, is the instinct to propagate and is defined as follows:

> Now *Breed*
> is to the race as *Selfhood* to the individual;
> and these two prime Instincts as they differ in purpose
> are independent each from other, and separate
> as are organic tracts in animal body
> whereby they function; and tho' Breed is needful alike
> to plants and animals, yet its apparatus
> is found in animals of more special kind;
> and since race-propagation might have been assured
> without differentiation of sex, we are elect to guess
> nature's intention from its full effect in man:

Breed, too, develops toward a higher spirituality:

> Breed then together with Selfhood steppeth in pair,
> for as Self grew thru' Reason from animal rage
> to vice of war and gluttony, but meanwhile uprose
> thru' motherly yearning to profounder affection,
> So Breed, from like degrading brutality at heart,
> distilleth in the altruism of spiritual love
> to be the sublimest passion of humanity,
> with parallel corruption;

The evolution of both Selfhood and Breed toward higher spirituality may be brought about through Reason, which, in turn, develops its special science of individual and social Ethick. But before this satisfactory sublimation may be reached, the poet is put to some difficulties of argument and proof which should detain us.

The chief difficulty in proving the growth of Selfhood toward altruism is war. How can war be considered as a step toward progress? How is Mr. Bridges to explain this latest catastrophe, if we have progressed very far toward spiritual evaluation?

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> And of War she (*Reason*) would say: it ranketh with those things
> that are like unto virtue, but not virtue itself:
> rather, in the conscience of spiritual beauty, a vice
> that needeth expert horsemanship to curb, yet being
> nativ in the sinew of selfhood, the life of things,
> the pride of animals, and virtue of savagery,
> so long as men be savage such it remaineth.

A statement meaning, I take it, that man is still savage.

Under Breed Mr. Bridges is forced into a discussion uncongenial to him concerning sex and marriage and the changing attitudes toward these. After a brief history of nations who have been ruined through immorality, and a brief history of marriage from its lower forms of polygamy and polyandry, he makes this statement:

> Now 'tis a backsliding and treason against nature
> when women will unsex their own ideal of Love,
> and ignorantly aiming to be in all things as man,
> would make love as men make it—tho' Sappho did thatt,
> who rare among women for manly mastery of art,
> A Nonsuch of her kind, exceeded by default,
> nondescript, and for lack of the true femine
> borrow'd effeminacy of men, the incontinents,
> who, ranking with gluttons in Aristotle's book,
> made a lascivious pleasure of their Lesbian loves;

Women, the poet concludes, are made not to be artists but rather to be mothers; as artists they can only ape men or ape Sappho, but as mothers they are unique and unexcelled. As for the history of marriage it proves the supremacy of monogamy, and he clinches his argument with this final analogy:

> Refusal of christian marriage is, as 'twer in art
> to impugn the credit of the most beautiful things
> because there are so few of them, and hold it folly
> to aim at excellence where so few can succeed.

With these problems decided upon, Mr. Bridges can conclude that the boundary between Matter and Mind will became fixed, that terrestrial life will evolve toward conscience, and finally, that through personal prayer:

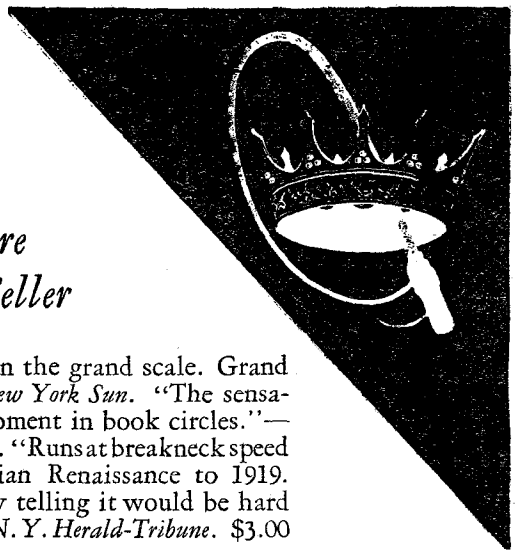
> Reason (say I) wil rise to awareness of its rank
> in the Ring of Existence, where man looketh up
> to the first cause of all; and wil itself decree
> and order discreetly the attitude of the soul
> seeking self-realization in the vision of God

and

> The attraction of this motion (*this evolution*) is our consience of it,
> our love of wisdom and of beauty; and the attitude
> of those attracted wil be joyful obedience
> with reverence to'rd the omnificent Creator
> and First Cause, whose Being is thatt beauty and wisdom
> which is apprehended only and only approach'd
> by right understanding of his creation, and found
> in that habit of faith which some thinkers have styled
> The Life of Reason.

And it is to this Life of Reason the poet would persuade us. This heavily documented argument is offered as proof of the evolution of all baser instincts toward a higher spirituality. If he persuades us more directly through the one or two more exalted lyrical passages in the Introduction and in the closing Vision of a Sunset throughout the world, then this is nothing more than a statement that Poetry is not a vehicle, save indirectly, for teachings or philosophy, but may persuade only by the stirring of the emotions, a truth which Mr. Bridges regretfully acknowledges in closing:

> Verily by Beauty it is that we come at Wisdom,
> yet not by Reason at Beauty: and now with many words
> pleasing myself betimes I am fearing lest in the end



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I play the tedious orator who maundereth on
for lack of heart to make an end of his nothings.
Wherefor as when a runner who hath run his round
handeth his staff away, and is glad of his rest,
here break I off, knowing the goal was not for me
the while I ran on telling of what cannot be told.

EDA LOU WALTON

History and Warning

The Dissolution of the Hapsburg Monarchy. By Oscar Jászi. University of Chicago Press. $3.

DR. JASZI must be accounted one of that rare band which was wise and courageous before the cataclysm of 1914, and whose members, before that time, protested against policies leading inevitably to disaster. Of post-war seers there have been plenty, but this other species is less frequently encountered. Dr. Jászi wrote, long before the war, warning Hapsburg bureaucrats and Magyar super-patriots against a stupid policy of oppressing the subject nationalities of the Dual Monarchy—a policy which would inevitably precipitate a conflict in the Balkans and involve the whole of Europe. In vain he pleaded for concessions to the Slav elements—the Czechs, the Croats and Serbs, and the Rumanians of Transylvania. His own countrymen, the Hungarians, were more obstinate even than the Germans of Austria, and proved relentless in their determination to make of Hungary, in which they themselves constituted only a doubtful majority, a "unitary state" with one nationality and one language. As a reaction against this ruthless oppression, there developed Rumanian and Serbian irredentism. Dr. Jászi is of the opinion that, even if the Archduke had not been assassinated at Sarajevo, some other incident would undoubtedly have precipitated the clash between Austria and Serbia.

Unfortunately for humanity, this small band of honest prophets to which Dr. Jászi belongs proved to be voices crying in the wilderness. The great army of eager conformists, led by patrioteers, marched gaily over the precipice. In most countries the Cassandras of pre-war days, the Russells, the MacDonalds, the Rollands, have been reinstated in public opinion and in many cases have become leaders of thought and action. But Dr. Jászi still has the distinction, one might almost say the honor, of being an outlaw. Hungary, stupidly truncated and mutilated by the peace treaties, writhes under a Magyar-megalomaniac dictatorship, obsessed by hope of recovering its lost provinces, and therefore insanely intolerant of such men as Jászi, who refuse to sacrifice historic truth to chauvinist convenience. Dr. Jászi may count himself happy in his professorship in a peaceful Ohio college. Could the Horthy government lay hands on him inside Hungary, he would probably soon find himself in a Budapest prison, for in his latest volume he has repeated in more detail and more convincingly his indictment of Hungarian misrule before the war and even up to the moment of the breakdown in 1918.

In masterly fashion he sums up the causes of the fall of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. For one thousand years the Hapsburgs had been trying to weld a real state out of a conglomeration of races and nationalities possessing various languages and religions and economic necessities. A number of circumstances aided them in their task, and had they taken advantage of their opportunities they might have created gradually, by a process of wise evolution, a federal state something like the Swiss Federation, but, of course, on a much greater scale. In that event the Dual Monarchy would have become the leader of the Slavs and would have attracted into its orbit all the Balkan peoples. The experiment failed largely because

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the Magyars in the Hungarian half of the empire refused to lend themselves to a policy of conciliation. For, in spite of many mistakes and stupidities, Austria and her dependent crown lands, through years of clash, gradually developed a system under which the subject nationalities and the racial minorities received pretty complete local autonomy, and, in the national parliament, representation by deputies democratically elected by universal suffrage. Dr. Jászi believes that the Austrian part of the Dual Monarchy was well on the way to a solution of its racial and nationalist conflicts before the war. But the Magyars, who in 1848 had themselves been obliged to fight for freedom, would permit freedom to none of the other races in Hungary, and suppressed all aspirations in that direction with clubs of the gendarmerie, bayonets of the army, and every variety of legal chicanery, browbeating, and corruption. It was Budapest that finally forced Vienna into the conflict with Serbia. Hungary dared not permit a strong Serbia to grow up at her southern frontiers, a Serbia whose independence would inspire the Serbs and Croats in Hungarian bondage to demand liberation.

This is not the place to enter into details regarding Dr. Jászi's masterly work. For students it must serve almost as a textbook of Middle European evolution before and during the war. But the work has also a very deep significance for all who are interested in the future of Europe and the prevention of another world conflict. Procrustean peace treaties have scattered the same explosives that blew up the Hapsburg monarchy throughout Middle Europe, from the Baltic to the Aegean. There are now a number of Austria-Hungaries *in petto*—Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, Poland, Jugoslavia. And there are, to say the least, two very definite irredentist areas, Hungary and Bulgaria. All of the first category, Czecho-Slovakia perhaps excepted, are committing exactly the same blunders, but with exaggerated brutality and stupidity, that Hungary committed before the war, and Hungary is behaving in much the same manner as did the old Serbia. Unless the outside world takes a hand, we are likely to see history repeated. Dr. Jászi's book, through its profound analysis of the causes of the Austro-Hungarian failure, warns us of the dangers of the present situation and shows European statesmen a way out through conciliation and federalism. The work is a liberal education in Central European politics, not only of the ante-war period, but of today as well.

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Agin' the Governments: Memories and Adventures of Sir Francis Fletcher Vane. London: Sampson, Low. 16s.

SIR FRANCIS VANE is a modern Don Quixote, the windmills he tilts at being powers and principalities in their British and Italian manifestations. His book of memories and adventures is a vivid record of his rebellions, major and minor, including youthful revolts against fagging in English public schools and ragging in the army; passing on to protests against the British burning of Boer farms and the shooting of the wounded Boer commandant Scheepers, and culminating in his struggles against the "Brass Hats" in Ireland and his encounters with Mussolini in Italy. Sometimes he is successful in his knight-errantry, sometimes defeated, yet even in failure he comes off with glory.

Owing to his mixed ancestry (English Puritan and Irish Catholic rebel in equal parts) Sir Francis has curious and at times baffling reactions. A soldier by choice and by profession, yet a pacifist, an imperialist yet a rebel, an aristocrat through and through with the outlook and prejudices of his caste, yet Labor in sympathy—he stood as a Labor candidate in

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the khaki election of 1918—his salient characteristics are moral courage and humor, qualities rare among militarists. Yet, though he hates war he goes, as Heywood Broun would put it, yodeling into every fray and foray. In that "mixed pack" he calls his ancestry Sir Francis has a forbear, he tells us, who "went out in '98 with Lord Edward Fitzgerald, escaped to America, and fought the English at Baltimore," and he is a lineal descendant of the irrepressible Sir Harry about whom Cromwell used to wail: "Harry Vane, Harry Vane, will no one rid me of Sir Harry Vane?" The query is one that many a "Brass Hat" must have repeated at various points in his descendant's career.

In a foreword to the work George Russell (Æ) pays Sir Francis this deserved and happily worded tribute:

> I first met Sir Francis Vane in Dublin in 1916. . . . He was with the British army, and there is nothing more difficult than to be part of a military organization, excited by warfare, and at the same time never to forget those more ancient loyalties of the soul to justice and our common humanity, from which so many divest themselves in war. I remember Sir Francis, Nevinson, Hammond, and some others, who made it possible for us not to cast another people entirely out of our hearts.

His allusion is to the valiant part played by the author during the war in Ireland, when he set himself the gigantic task of exposing certain atrocities committed by the military machine and condoned by the higher authorities in Dublin Castle and at Westminster, notably the Portobello Barracks murder of three Irish editors, Sheehy Skeffington, Dickson, and MacIntyre. Finding that the murderer of these men, Captain Bowen-Colthurst (who put the prisoners against a wall and shot them out of hand) was promoted some days afterwards, Sir Francis (then Major Vane) crossed to London in order to bring the matter personally before Lord Kitchener and Prime Minister Asquith, only to learn that Kitchener's telegram ordering the instant arrest of the guilty officer had been suppressed by Sir John Maxwell. Later Captain Colthurst, brought up before a court martial (forced upon the authorities by the publicity given the affair), pleaded insanity and was put into Broadmoor asylum during the King's pleasure, whence he was released after a brief period. Major Sir Francis Vane, however, was deprived of his rank and military title and relegated to unemployment as a result of his efforts to bring those responsible to book. Sir Francis publishes the correspondence that passed between him and ex-President Roosevelt about the affair; this too was suppressed by the military censor, and the author was refused passports during the war to America and, later, to Italy when the illness of Lady Vane caused him to apply. Afterwards, when he did get to Italy, he came up sharply against Mussolini's military machine, as he was bound to do, in connection with the formation of the Boy Scouts organization, and before long had to leave the country. Il Duce had no more liking for types like Sir Francis than the British Government had at home.

In addition to his earlier works, "Pax Britannica," on the Boer war, and "The Other Illusions of War," Sir Francis wrote "The Easter Rising" and a volume of war stories. These latter were suppressed. "Both," he adds, "were from the imperial point of view, but had too much truth to suit the digestion of the authorities." It is to be hoped that he may now go ahead and print them. Considering his many mutinies it is surprising that Sir Francis has managed to escape alive, more astounding still that, in spite of all, he should remain faithful to his imperialist creed. To this last he appears to be unaccountably and incurably attached. This modern Aristides has many of the characteristics of his Greek prototype who did not survive.

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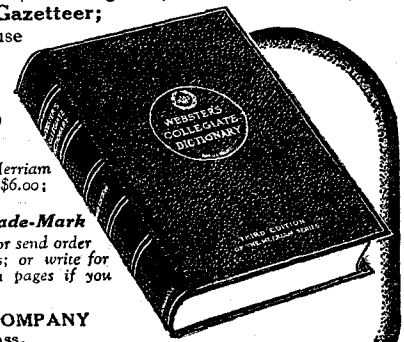

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Books in Brief

A Guide to the Principal Sources for Early American History (1600-1800) in the City of New York. By Evarts B. Greene and Richard B. Morris. Columbia University Press. $7.50.

This is the most important contribution to the bibliography of American historical material in the city of New York since the late Herbert L. Osgood prepared for the Public Archives Commission of the American Historical Association, in 1900, his guide to the records in the city departments. Both printed and manuscript sources are included under general topical classifications, and the locations of the documents are indicated; certain notable collections, however, are listed under the institutions in which they are found. The guide is incomplete only in that it does not as a rule include secondary works and single-volume titles among printed books, and pays no special attention to genealogy, but with these exceptions the listing is all that could be desired. The editors cannot be too highly praised for the intelligence and thoroughness with which they have carried through their laborious task.

The Sword of the Soul. By Roger Chauviré. Translated from the French by Ernest Boyd. Preface by James Stephens. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

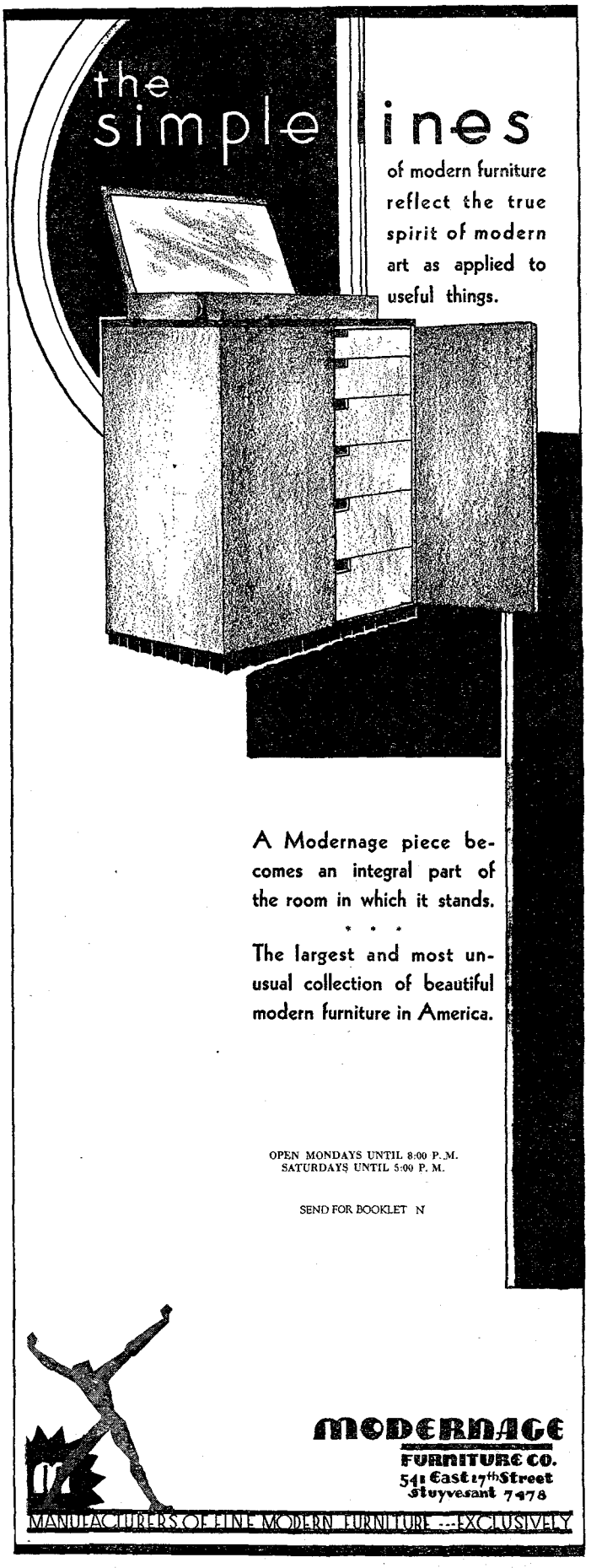
This Frenchman's version of the events in Ireland during the early days of the war is far superior to the usual novel written by foreigners about other people and their crises. Mr. Stephens unwittingly reveals the author's chief defect in his preface: "If we are imperturbably just to the personae engaged we are, by that fact, bound to be unjust to the drama that involves them. And from the point of view of a story-teller the action that is under narration is of infinitely greater importance than are the characters which it engages." The drama which M. Chauviré unfolds is social and political—a detached document of revolutionary Ireland. Not one of the characters has any real existence; and one closes the book with the feeling that he has been reading a discursive exposition of the seething forces behind the Irish outbreak, not a rounded and developed story. From the standpoint of analysis, on the other hand, the book is sound, and it shows without partisanship the various elements caught up in the struggle during its most critical and moving moments. That propaganda can join hands with poetry is shown in the long excerpts from Kathleen ni Houlihan which the author presents, but M. Chauviré has no place for poetry or partisanship. The book may be recommended to those who prefer their history in the palatable form of a novel.

A Stranger in Paradise. By J. Anker Larsen. Translated from the Danish by Ruth Castberg Jordan. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

This is the story of Hans Larsen, a Danish peasant boy whose dreamy, religious nature so impressed itself on his comrades and elders that when he died, still in his youth, he had planted the seeds whose growth was to transform his village into a little paradise. For those who like Mr. Larsen's other religious novels or find in themselves a kinship with the mystic mind, "A Stranger in Paradise" should prove inspiring. To others it has little to offer except sincerity and vagueness.

Windlestraws. By Phyllis Bottome. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

When Jean Arbuthnot goes to Windlestraws to become Sir Reginald Falconer's secretary, she becomes involved in one of the most unusual love triangles in recent fiction. The story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tells how her presence further complicates the situation, how she extricates herself, and what becomes of the three aristocratic and tortured souls. As a novel "Windlestraws" is more than a mere thriller, for it is well written and contains passages that show more than superficial knowledge of character and human emotion, but the male reader would be inclined to criticize the book as a thoroughly feminine one—one in which the masculine characters, though sympathetically dealt with, are seen as in a glass darkly.

How We Lived Then—1914-1918. By Mrs. C. S. Peel. Dodd, Mead and Company. $4.

A valuable record of what people—particularly English people—wore, ate, and even thought during the most desperate years of the present century. Women war workers, V. A. D.'s, the Red Cross, the nursing homes run by rich women who had never worked before in their lives, the lonely boys home on leave, the shops of German grocers and drapers stoned by irate Londoners—Mrs. Peel has forgotten none of them. She has set down itemized lists of rations for noncombatants and soldiers; she has tabulated prices of food and clothing and shelter; she includes pictures of the food demonstrations when rations were scarce, of great municipal kitchens, of Queen's meat cards. One remembers how dreadfully important the question of food was in those days. Those who lived through the war will recall many other things as they turn over Mrs. Peel's pages. For the most part she has set down her facts and let them speak for themselves; and they speak eloquently of courage and despair, of privation and plunder, of hunger and disease and sacrifice—all happening to quite ordinary persons hitherto strange to these more primitive emotions. Nor will the record be less valuable to a generation to whom the war is nothing more than hearsay that reached them in the nursery. They, too, can read with profit and learn that war is less adventure than drudgery, less glory than plain hunger and cold.

The Big American Parade. By E. Haldeman-Julius. The Stratford Company. $3.

Through more than 400 pages Mr. Haldeman-Julius pours out facts regarding American civilization and his not very cogent comments upon them. He touches upon materialism, jazz, morality and immorality, automobiles, the World War, democracy, prohibition, culture, and many other matters without any apparent logical procedure, until the reader is tempted to ask him the question which forms the title of one of his chapters—where are we headed? Occasionally he becomes stern in his supposedly critical survey, but not for long; his bubbling optimism soon bathes the offending item in a liquid rainbow. This cheerfully superficial temper may be illustrated by his remark that "the only thing which can be alleged against" American materialism is that it is not fully or justly enjoyed by all. Its effect upon our attitude toward life, its influence upon our ideals in education, politics, and other activities—these considerations are evidently unimportant. Mr. Haldeman-Julius is capable of even this spread-eagleism: "In art, in literature, and in thought generally America is far ahead of any previous time." We do beat all creation in modesty and sense of humor.

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Music

Opera in English?

THE recent and excellent performances of the American Opera Company again raise the vexed question, and seem to answer it by their success. At the cost of time and research they have secured new translations. Is this effort to present music-drama in a language in which it was not conceived justifiable?

The clamor of American audiences for foreign opera presented in our tongue is caused, I think, by a sly duplicity in the character of opera. People who would never brave a symphonic concert flock to its doors because it offers them a "story," that most immediate appeal to the imagination. It cunningly persuades them in with the promise of a tale to be told and then, quite aware of its inability to make that tale clear, traitorously hands them the sop of a plot synopsis and goes about its chief business—the unfolding of a structure of sonority. Obviously its trick succeeds, for the opera-goer does not—at least in large numbers—walk out. He applauds. Stirred by the more subtle, more potent draft of music, he would be quite content did not the initial promise linger in his mind, haunting him, if he is faced by a foreign libretto, with the sense of having been cheated. When the spell of the music is dissipated he voices his suspicion loudly. The attempt to answer him is opera translated into English.

Hence the argument is advanced that it is more important for an audience to understand the text of an opera than to hear it in its native language; that the gain in clarity secured by following the plot more than compensates for the inevitable distortion caused by a translation. This deformation no one can deny. Either the note values are changed and the shape of the phrase consequently is altered to accommodate the accent and cadence of the new words, or the musical pattern remains intact while the new text is warped to fit it.

This attempt to force a linguistic stepmother upon the musical line in place of the parent-language which gave it birth inevitably produces, like other artificial domestic makeshifts, results which vary from the comic to the disastrous. And since that dual entity, music and text, forms an essential part of the orchestral score, and the score itself is an element far more vital to lyric drama than plot or dialogue, the whole attempt to give foreign opera in English reveals itself as a mistake in emphasis. Structure is sacrificed to circumstance.

As if this were not enough, the solid fact confronts us that at least half the text of most opera in any language is unintelligible under the best conditions. One has seldom heard clearer diction than that of the American Opera Company. Yet despite this, entire flocks of words vanished in a forest of other sounds—in the crescendi of orchestral voices, in the prolongation of syllables upon a florid phrase, in short, in the inherent organism of lyric drama. An opera text is not capable of conveying clear information as to whither the hero is bound or why the heroine finds herself being married to the wrong man. Nor are these data of primary concern to production or auditor. The latter thumbs his synopsis studiously for a time, then, toward the end of the first act, relinquishes the brain-splitting task of attending to two things at once and settles back to enjoy the music as the wily Dame Opera had all along intended that he should. Certainly his concern for the "story" is not valid enough to warrant tampering with text and music in an impossible attempt to achieve the revelation of the entire text.

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example which cannot be highly enough praised. It provides a vehicle for American composers and librettists who might be otherwise unheard. This season's offering, "Yolanda of Cyprus," under Mr. W. Rosing's direction, was buoyant, unified, truly dramatic, and beautiful to look at. If it lacked the golden voices of older organizations, it was also refreshingly free from the familiar vanity of singers who out-yell their colleagues and turn drama into a series of recitals. The text, adapted by Cale Young Rice from his play, was set by Clarence E. Loomis (who has also produced, with Mr. Rice, another opera, "A Night in Avignon"). This music has been dismissed as merely imitative of Debussy and Puccini. While it certainly did not "enlarge the boundaries of musical art," it balanced the lack of strongly original elements by dramatic power, certain passages of high poetic quality, and the well-knit development of its substance. As the composer's task was to furnish music that would keep house with a sixteenth-century romance, he should not be too severely censured if his score in no way reflected contemporary America or utilized its material, but on the contrary sought an idiom compatible with the illusion of a legendary past. The resultant unity of impression unquestionably gained by a poetic text written in the language of the listener—whenever the exigencies of opera permitted it to be heard. But this double aesthetic value was achieved, it must not be forgotten, without malforming the musical line as conceived. On these grounds—and on these only—opera in English may be justified and welcomed.

HUBBARD HUTCHINSON

Drama

Retrospect

ABOUT the middle of the season theatrical production usually pauses for a week or more and thus affords to the chronicler an opportunity for retrospect. This year, however, the number of failures was so unusually high that managers who had playhouses on their hands were not disposed to relax, even for a week, in their efforts to keep them open, and the usual opportunity did not present itself. Accordingly, and at this late date, I must make it for myself.

Last year I prophesied that the popularity of the "hard-boiled" melodrama would not survive into the present season, and in that, at least, I was right. There have been no successful plays in the manner of "The Front Page" et al., and this type of entertainment, which was, a year ago, all but sure fire, seems to have disappeared from the theater together with the various examples of the back-stage school founded with the production of "Broadway." And though the critic need not much lament the passing of either, the manager is unfortunate in having found no new formula to serve him in place of the two just worked to death. Even the more or less perennial detective play has scored only one conspicuous success—"Subway Express"—and accordingly the laments always heard on Broadway have been this year a little more distressing than usual, though the plain truth of the matter is that, whatever the magnates may say, there is still no difficulty in competing with the movies and the radio when the public is well enough pleased with any particular play. "Street Scene" has entered on its second year and there is no reason to suppose that "Strictly Dishonorable" will not last out at least the present season. The theater may be in a bad way from the standpoint of the business man, but it is hard to maintain that the public no longer cares for the spoken drama as long as there is even one play to which it is almost impossible to secure tickets.

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WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT

Plays to See

*At the Bottom—Waldorf—116 W. 50th St.
**Children of Darkness—Biltmore—W. 47th St.
**City Haul—Hudson—44th St., E. of B'dway.
*Civic Repertory—14th St. & 6th Ave.—See Advertisement.
*Criminal Code—National—W. 41st St.
*Death Takes a Holiday—Barrymore Theatre—47th St., W. of B'dway.
Ruth Draper—Comedy—41st St., E. of B'dway.
**Everything's Jake—Assembly—39th St., E. B'dway.
*Josef Suss—Erlangers—44th St., W. B'dway.
**June Moon—Broadhurst—W. 44th St.
**Meteor—Guild—W. 52nd St.
*Red Rust—Beck—302 W. 45th St.
**Strictly Dishonorable—Avon—W. 45th St.
**Sweet Adeline—Hammerstein—Broadway & 53rd St.
**Wake Up and Dream—Selwyn—42nd St., W. B'dway.
*Drama. **Comedy.

First Nights

Dishonored Lady—Empire—40th St. & B'dway.
Out of a Blue Sky—Booth—44th St. W. of B'way.
Rebound—Plymouth—45th St. W. of B'dway.
The Boundary Line—Forty-eighth—48th St. E. of B'dway.

Films

Across the World—Cohan—43rd St. & B'dway.
Disraeli—Central Theatre—Broadway and 47th St.
Paris Bound—Little Picture House—151 E. 50th St.
Sunrise—Film Guild—52 W. 8th St.
The Rogue Song—Astor—B'dway & 45th St.

Concerts and Recitals

Paul Althouse—Barbizon Concert—Sun. Eve., Feb. 12.
Harold Bauer—Town Hall—Sat. Aft., Feb. 15.
Copeland Sessions Concert—Steinway—Sun. Eve., Feb. 9.
Mischa Elman—Carnegie—Sun. Eve., Feb. 16.
Heifetz—Carnegie—Wed. Eve. Feb. 19.
Frieda Hempel—Carnegie—Fri. Eve., Feb. 14.
Friends of Music—Mecca Temple—133 W. 55th St.—Sun. Aft., Feb. 9—Bach Program.
Manhattan Symphony—Mecca Temple—Sun. Eve., Feb. 9.
Martinelli—Carnegie—Tues. Eve., Feb. 18.
Orchestral Concerts for Children—Philharmonic Symphony—Carnegie—Sat. Morn., Feb. 8.
Philharmonic Symphony—Carnegie—Thurs. Eve., Feb. 13; Fri. Aft., Feb. 14; Sun. Aft., Feb. 9.
Students Concerts—Philharmonic—Carnegie—Sat. Eve., Feb. 8, 15.
Tales of Hoffman—Grand Opera for Children—Town Hall—Sat. Morn., Feb. 22.
Tito Schipa—Carnegie—Mon. Eve., Feb. 10.

Art Exhibits

Contemporary Belgium Painting, Sculpture & Graphic Art—Brooklyn Museum of Art—To Feb. 23.
"Painting in Paris"—Museum of Modern Art—730 Fifth Ave., Jan. 18 to Feb. 16.
Painting by Picasso & Derain—Reinhardt Galleries, 730 Fifth Ave.—To Feb. 21.

Events Abroad

Bayreuth Festival Plays—Muck, Toscanini, Elmendorff, Siegfried Wagner Conductors—July 22 to Aug. 21.
Oberammergau Passion Play—Munich—May through Sept.

□ FILMS □ RECITAL □

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At least six pieces indubitably worth making the effort to see have been produced since September, but they are too varied in manner and intention to suggest a development in any particular direction, unless I may permit a wish to father a thought and maintain that in "Strictly Dishonorable" and "Children of Darkness" we have a sign that we are at last beginning to write the kind of pure comedy which seems to me so definitely indicated by our civilization and our mood. On the other hand, the admirable fantastic comedy called "The Commodore Marries" was a prompt failure, and it is difficult to find any unity in a group of worthy successes which includes pieces so diverse as "Meteor," "Berkeley Square," "Rope's End," and "The Criminal Code." I am reduced to the necessity of bestowing a few blue ribbons as follows:

For the best individual performances: to Walter Huston in "The Commodore Marries," to Alfred Lunt in "Meteor," and to Mary Ellis in "Children of Darkness."

For the best production of a standard play: to Eva Le Gallienne for "The Sea Gull."

For the best revue: to the authors of "Fifty Million Frenchmen."

For the wittiest line: to Preston Sturges for the remark of the tenor in "Strictly Dishonorable"—"The only thing which can sing and keep its shape is a bird."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Contributors to This Issue

MORRIS ERNST is a New York attorney with wide experience in divorce proceedings.

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WITTER BYNNER is co-author with Kiang Kang-Hu of "The Jade Mountain: A Chinese Anthology."

BABETTE DEUTSCH will publish in February a book of verse, "Fire for the Night."

CARL VAN DOREN, a contributing editor of *The Nation,* is editor-in-chief of the Literary Guild.

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JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH is dramatic editor of *The Nation.*

□ COURSES □ LECTURES □

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